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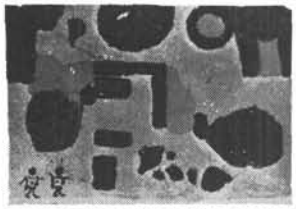

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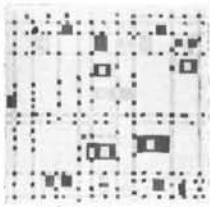

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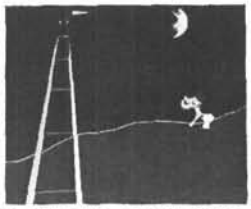

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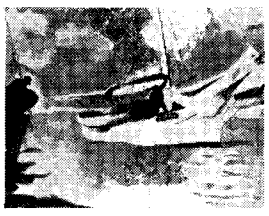

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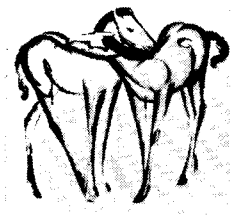

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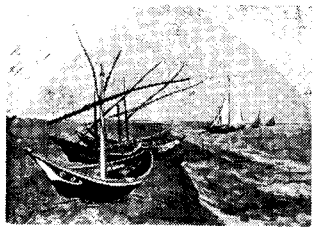

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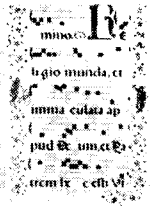

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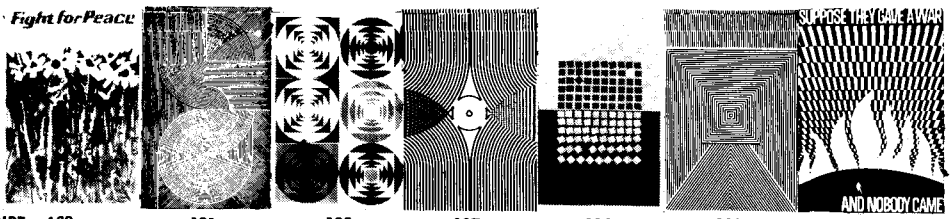

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T.R.B. from Washington

To Them That Have

★ The deeper you get into why the rich are rich and the poor poor in America, the deeper your doubts grow. One reason is that the tax laws are ultimately stacked against the poor man, the ordinary man, you and me. Taxes have just gone up again and it might be well to take a new look at it. Paul H. Douglas, who served bravely 18 years in the Senate from Illinois, reviews his efforts to end tax loopholes and the best he can give is a wry shrug. Maybe he helped save a billion dollars a year but the big loopholes remain – "indeed, new ones have been opened."

Daniel Moynihan and Gunnar Myrdal point out that there is a growing reckless, propertyless, "urban underclass" in America. Crime, violence, riots spring from them. Meanwhile, as Paul Douglas stresses, tax loopholes are available at the top for the rich. The system seems self-perpetuating. "It has been the extremely able who inserted those loopholes in the tax laws," Mr. Douglas writes in a recent issue of *The American Scholar*.

To get down to cases, let the man who once headed the American Economic Society and who battled 18 years for tax morality in Congress, go over the record. He first got interested when the Treasury showed statistics that a billion dollars in dividends and three billion in interest were escaping taxation unreported. Annual loss in taxes – $1 billion. A single remedy was proposed: let the corporation deduct 20 percent of interest and dividends at the source, the way an employer now deducts wages in anticipation of taxes. The proposal seemed reasonable, and passed the House.

Then the storm broke. Douglas himself got 65,000 letters of protest, organized by building and loan associations. It was what the National Rifle Association is doing today on gun control, and what the Anti-Saloon League did on the dry laws. It stunned Congress. The Senate quickly capitulated. However, Congress did ultimately provide a weaker reporting system which saves perhaps $250 million a year, Douglas estimates. That was better than in most loopholes.

Grandaddy of all is the oil depletion allowance. This is simply outrageous. Every objective, informed person condemns it, but Congress won't act. And this is where you begin to wonder. How far is it safe for our institutions to lag? It took Martin Luther King's murder to get the civil rights bill. It took Robert Kennedy's murder to rouse the nation for gun control. Does America advance only by paroxysm? And how do you rouse an outcry for such a subtle and technical matter as tax reform?

In the early sixties, Douglas concludes, the Treasury was losing about $1.5 billion annually in taxes by the depletion allowance; "today, it is undoubtedly much more." "Sometimes," he says, "I suspected a secret pledge or agreement to defend the depletion allowance against all attacks" in the Senate Finance Committee. He adds, "I suspected, also, that campaign funds reinforced these pledges."

Some of the fabulously wealthy US oil companies pay hardly any income taxes at all. They do this by the depletion allowance (which exempts 27 1/2 percent of all gross income up to 50 percent), plus another device – the right to count as "foreign taxes" the royalties they pay abroad for the extraction of government-owned oil. To you or me these royalties would seem to be normal *operating* expenses, but they are listed as an *overseas tax* to be deducted dollar for dollar from the money that would otherwise come to the Treasury. Just last month in Washington Rep. Reuss (D, Wis.) noted that Standard of NJ paid only 3.8 percent taxes on $1.8 billion profits. Texaco paid the same incredibly low percentage.

Douglas figures the loophole on capital gains costs the Treasury $2.4 billion annually; that on state tax exempt bonds somewhere around $1 1/4 to $1 1/2 billion a year. This latter is a particularly juicy plum for the affluent. Mrs. Horace Dodge Jr., for instance, inherited $56 million, Douglas recalls. She put it all in tax exempts and "removed the entire income from federal taxation."

Douglas runs through the list; they range, he says, from the ludicrous to the nauseating. In the classic book on the subject, "The Great Treasury Raid," Philip Stern sets the loss of taxable income by loopholes at around $40 billion. Douglas reflects on 18 years of struggle: "Despite all our efforts, the brutal fact must be admitted. We have largely failed."

Who will defend the public interest under such circumstances? There have generally been some politicians who volunteered, Douglas notes, "at great risk to themselves"; George Norris, the two Robert LaFollettes, Herbert Lehman. He adds Albert Gore of Tennessee, William Proxmire of Wisconsin.

"Generally," he adds, "these men in the past were ultimately defeated." So, of course, was Douglas himself. "Their lives," he says, "and the respect that is later accorded them after they die is proof that there is a deep, if unexpressed hunger, on the part of the inarticulate millions, for just such defenders."

Coming up

★ For $1.95 you can buy "Republican Papers" edited by Rep. Melvin R. Laird (Doubleday-Anchor A635) with two surprising things in it, a lucid defense of the *Negative Income Tax* by Milton Friedman (Barry Goldwater's economic consultant) and a fiery, rousing essay by Daniel P. Moynihan, a life-long Democrat, defending family allowances.

The mood in Washington, he says, is "paralysis." The "urban under class" is growing in the ghetto. "The President seems determined to do nothing. Worse, he is denying it."

"We might march directly into a political crisis that will spoil the rest of the twentieth century for the American people," he tells the Republicans: "Such a disaster would be the election, next year or five years from now, of a determined right-wing President." A nice note to close on.

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Arms Control

The President of the United States and the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union were seen last week to be men on horseback who were having an uncomfortable ride and would prefer to get off. For their steeds are war horses that constantly threaten to run away with them. If this gives them the appearance of being in a race, it isn't one they enjoy. But neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Kosygin dares pull rein unless the other agrees to do the same. Last week, they managed to announce that henceforth both would abstain from the Nuclear Proliferation Helter-Skelter and would attempt also to stay out of the Redoubled Strategic Forces Handicap. Agreement to abstain was solemnized by the signing of the non-proliferation treaty by this country, Russia and 58 other nations. Good intentions about the future were indicated by a joint decision to discuss putting a ceiling on American and Soviet missiles and anti-missile systems, as prelude to lowering that ceiling by actually cutting back construction.

The conclusion, at long last, of the non-proliferation treaty no doubt acted as a spur to further endeavors for disarmament or arms control. These two men must be very conscious that unless something is done fairly quickly to avert it, another enormous round of rearmament is about to be embarked upon by their two countries, with an awful semblance of inevitability. Both know the doom that may lead to, for they have peered into the nuclear furnace, a vision of hell that in their case is hideously clarified by access to all the classified information. Besides, both are civilians. Somehow, they have got to find ways to hold their military in check and stop what Roswell L. Gilpatric, a former Deputy Defense Secretary, has called the "inexorable rhythm of measures and counter-measures."

But in order to have any chance of succeeding they must act in concert. The arms race may not be of their choosing, yet they dare not seem to be losing it. If Richard Nixon is dying for a chance to accuse Lyndon Johnson of letting the Russians have some kind of nuclear edge over the US, or even just letting them catch up, we may be sure that the more secretive and no less labyrinthine corridors of power in the Soviet Union are full of faceless men, in and out of bemedalled uniforms, who are lusting for an opportunity to plant a similar charge of political dynamite under Kosygin. This unfortunately will always be the sombre and even sinister background of talks about armaments between the US and the Russians. President Johnson was putting it mildly when he warned any optimists that

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these imminent discussions on limiting and reducing both offensive and defensive strategic nuclear weapons "will not be easy." Indeed, trouble may have begun before the talks start, with the Soviet "memorandum" that played familiar propagandist tunes, ranging from "senseless" flights of American nuclear bombers, to total Israeli withdrawal as the price of arms control in the Middle East. Soviet spokesmen have to make debating points, as do our spokesmen. The crunch is that both countries stand near the verge of new armaments build-ups that will be immensely costly and worse than useless in terms of national security. And they'd like to back off while there's time.

An anti-ballistic missile system that would raise, not lower, international tensions, could cost this country $40 billion. Additionally, military pressures are on to spend in the next decade $20 billion on new missile submarines, $8 billion on improved land-based missiles and possibly $16 billion on advanced strategic bombers. Yet as far as anyone knows, the United States at present has a lead of three or even four to one over the Soviet Union, in numbers of nuclear missiles, and also has about three times as many intercontinental bombers as the Russians do. They of course are straining to catch up. So far they have not done so, since we as determinedly and more successfully seek to maintain our lead. Retired military men nevertheless fulminate about our margin of superiority being wiped out, and Senator Henry Jackson (D, Wash.) accuses Russia of "deliberately" challenging the US lead, as if the latter were some kind of divine right.

In fact, beyond a quite modest level of "kill capacity" that both countries long since attained, there is no such thing as nuclear superiority in any meaningful sense. But the more new and super-sophisticated weapons the two countries pile up, the more complex become the tasks of limiting the arms and of verifying the agreed limitations and cut-backs. Already, it's no longer good enough to be able to count missiles by a spy-in-the-sky satellite, because each missile may (or may not) be equipped with multiple, independently targeted nuclear warheads. Yet an arms control breakthrough is urgent. Germany and India hang back from signing the non-proliferation treaty. Moscow says China (which last week curtly refused a UN invitation to talk about arms control, on the not unreasonable ground that the UN won't admit China) has an untested but possibly potent inter-continental missile. In the last analysis, the job of finding the breakthrough is the two superpowers' – and more ours than Russia's. As Mr. Gilpatric said last December: "In view of its present superiority in nuclear arms, the initiative toward deflecting downward the nuclear arms race will continue to rest on the United States."

Who's Mischievous?

Senator Eugene McCarthy may fly to Paris in early August to learn what he can at first hand from representatives of North Vietnam and other assorted Vietnamese in that city, what the chances are of some kind of settlement or accommodation. That's what everyone wants to know. But that a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who is also a Presidential candidate should seek to discover it for himself horrifies very important people like George Ball, the successor of Arthur Goldberg as Ambassador to the United Nations. Ball said in a television interview June 30 that the Paris talks were so "highly sensitive" he himself wouldn't dare even to try to speculate about them; if McCarthy went to Paris, it would constitute "mischievous interference." McCarthy would just "confuse the situation and deflect the efforts of two very distinguished and able men, Averell Harriman and Cy Vance, from achieving what we all very much want, which is an honorable peace." Ball said what all the top Administration people are saying, as well as a number of newspapers. Sometimes it's "an honorable and dignified" peace McCarthy is supposed to be imperiling, sometimes just peace. But McCarthy, they're all sure, is imperiling it. But then, the same Administration spokesmen, the same newspapers, were sure McCarthy was imperiling his and the Democratic Party's future when he went into New Hampshire.

Just what's wrong with questioning North Vietnamese officials, as umpteen American journalists have done? McCarthy isn't proposing to negotiate with them, so he's neither in violation of the Logan Act of 1779 (nobody's ever been prosecuted under it), nor is he "interfering" with Harriman or Vance, who will go right on doing what they're doing. McCarthy isn't going to talk but to listen. If he detects the Vietnamese offering something, he'll detect more than Harriman now. Harriman grumbles that thus far they've offered him nothing. They might, if the Administration were to cease basing its attitude on its apparent belief that the North Vietnamese have come to Paris because they know they are licked. McCarthy doubts that they're licked, and he wonders if a decent settlement couldn't be reached if all bombing of the North stopped and if there were a coalition government in Saigon that included the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front. Harriman hasn't been allowed to raise that prospect.

McCarthy says he's wary of accepting at face value what the State Department tells him is the attitude of the North Vietnamese, and who can blame him? The Department has been no more reliable in its assertions of our stake in Vietnam or the proximity of peace than

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has the Pentagon in its predictions of when and how the war would end. That doesn't mean McCarthy will swallow everything he's told in Paris, but the incredible reported remark of a State Department official – that the US Embassy probably wouldn't be able to put McCarthy in touch with "the representatives of a country with which we have no relations" – would in itself justify the senator's refusal to behave as the State Department advises.

This Administration formerly insisted that dissent was imperiling the winning of the war. Now it is declaring that if it is to achieve peace everybody must keep mum. Many won't. As McCarthy replied: "If we accepted it, the whole country would have been frightened into silence for the last six months."

Coalition for Change

Rub the candidacies of Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey hard and long, and they still don't shine. Nixon, a holdover from the Eisenhower era, is only faintly less lackluster, because we remember less about him. Indeed, to some under 20 he may even pass as something new. Not Vice President Humphrey. He has been too much with us during the past four years to appear as anything other than what we know him to be – an ardent defender of the Johnson war.

The Democratic Party may, of course, get off the devitalized center and become a popular party once more by nominating a candidate unassociated with the worst failures of the Johnson Administration. Senator McCarthy is the leading contender. But there is also, standing in the wings, Sen. George McGovern, whose views parallel McCarthy's but whose relations with the supporters of the late Robert Kennedy are more cordial. Neither man need apologize for what has gone wrong; they have been candid critics of the war and the neglect of our home problems. Sen. McCarthy has the added advantage of having proved in the primaries his attraction to Republicans and Independents. To a lesser degree, Governor Rockefeller represents a comparable opportunity for the Republicans to break from a discredited past.

As was suggested in these pages last week ("A Fourth Party"), the widespread desire for a new political coalition may be ignored by the majority of delegates to the Democratic and Republican conventions. In that event, millions of voters will in effect be disenfranchised this year. That is why those who don't want Nixon or Humphrey, and who do want a politics of peace, racial reconciliation and urban renewal, are laying the foundations now for a fourth party. Two obvious leaders of any such coalition are Senator McCarthy and Mayor John Lindsay of New York. But until the Democratic and Republican conventions have ended, neither man (nor Governor Rockefeller nor Senator McGovern for that matter) can be expected to suggest his possible availability on another ticket.

The first step toward having an alternative choice in November is being taken. Out of a conference of about 1,000 people in Chicago Sunday before last there came a Committee for the Formation of a New Party, which is setting up national offices in Chicago. Lawyers are studying how a new party can be put on the ballot in the 50 states. Where voters are for all practical purposes foreclosed by present laws from setting up any political alternative to Republicans and Democrats, litigation challenging these laws is being readied, preparatory to the filing of suits. Parallel with continuing efforts to get McCarthy and Rockefeller nominated by their parties, a fall-back position is being built.

If we had not experienced the unpredictability of politics this year and had not seen what volunteers can do, we would have less hope that a fourth party could be put together in the various states within the next couple of months. But the fact of dissatisfaction with the old leadership is as blindingly clear as the capacity of citizens to make something different.

Sewing Circle

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Poverty Cuts

The House of Representatives has voted to pare the Administration's starvation budget for the poor by nearly $1 billion. The $17.2 billion bill it has sent to the Senate covers the work of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Labor Department and several other agencies. The House refused to put back $135 million, lopped off general aid to education by the Appropriations Committee. This money goes to help schools in slums and down-at-the-heels rural areas. The budget for the Office of Economic Opportunity was lowered from $2.1 billion to $1.8 billion by the committee, and very nearly suffered another cut of $100 million on the floor. The Senate had voted $75 million more for job training, the House none, and they compromised last week on $13 million. The Senate had approved $25 million for Head Start, the House $5 million, and in conference the $5 million figure was accepted.

In desperation, John Gardner, former secretary of HEW and currently chairman of the Urban Coalition, sent a stiff letter to the representatives: "We are united in the certainty that this nation is going through an unprecedented crisis – a crisis that could tear it apart. There are some measures that seem to us especially critical. The proposed $75 million supplemental appropriation for summer jobs is one. Another is the $25 million supplemental for Head Start. The Congress should create at this session a public service employment program with the funding to make it effective. It should pass the Administration's housing bill. Budget cuts should not be made in programs aimed at helping the nation's deprived with jobs, housing and education."

Who Pays for Violence?

Judged by the rhetoric and remedies of politicians, the rising fear of violence is based on an image of violent crime far different than the picture one gets by examining the facts. The fear that many Americans hold of violence is a fear of Negroes and strangers. In this passion play, the villains are black, the victims are white.

But what are the facts? Negroes comprise less than a third of Chicago's population. Yet in 1966, 72 percent of the victims of homicide were Negroes, and sample figures indicate that Negroes comprise over 70 percent of the victims of serious but non-fatal gun and knife attacks. When white men and women are attacked, their assailant is usually white. During a three-year period from 1965 through 1967, if a white man did become a victim of homicide, it was slightly more than twice as likely that his killer was white as that he died as a result of an attack by a Negro. During this same period, it was slightly less than four times as likely that a white female victim of homicide was killed by a white attacker as that she died as a result of an attack by a Negro. Thus, the lion's share of the burden of violence is borne by the Negro community. Between 1965 and 1966, homicide in Chicago jumped 29.1 percent, an astonishing rise. Over 70 percent of the increase could be attributed to the increased number of Negroes killed in homicidal attacks.

None of these statistics is intended to minimize the threat to the white community. The violence experienced by all groups and both sexes is alarmingly high. But the particularly high cost of violence to the Negro community should be noted.

Regulating Television

Two quite separate efforts by the government to require broadcasters to operate in "the public interest, convenience and necessity" – in civil rights reporting and tobacco advertising – are stirring new controversy.

The Federal Communications Commission recently voted 5-2 to renew the license of WLBT, a Jackson, Mississippi, television station owned by the Murchisons. Four years ago the United Church of Christ filed a petition asking that renewal of the station's license be denied because, the church said, WLBT violated the FCC's fairness doctrine by refusing Negroes a chance to present opposing views. While nearly half the population served by the station is black, WLBT went out of its way to keep them off the screen and to suppress or misrepresent news on civil rights, it was charged. When NBC ran a show on which Arlene Francis interviewed Thurgood Marshall, the station cut it off. (A sign read: "Sorry Cable Trouble.") WLBT periodically suggested that the Reds were behind the civil rights struggle; announcers talked of "niggers."

Paul Porter, of Arnold & Porter, was chief counsel for WLBT. Rosel Hyde, chairman of the FCC, led the majority in upholding that license renewal "would serve the public interest, convenience and necessity."

The majority felt the incidents cited by the Church were isolated, and that things had changed for the better since the FCC first turned its attention to this matter. There are now three black religious programs where there once was only one, at 6:45 in the morning. The case now goes up to the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

Meanwhile, a three-member majority of the Federal Trade Commission asked Congress to ban cigarette commercials on television and radio. This has no

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chance of going anywhere this session of Congress, but is the opening shot in next year's battle over tobacco, when the cigarette labeling law comes up for renewal. That law, passed in 1965, specifically forbids the FTC from requiring health warnings in television and radio cigarette advertising. There has since been a shift in temper. Warren Magnuson, head of the Senate Commerce Committee, who once championed the cigarette companies, now says that a ban on cigarette commercials on TV and radio deserves "serious consideration." The government has sent out a series of reports on smoking and health, forecasting a bleak future for those who smoke. Lorillard, one of the big tobacco firms, already has said it will stop advertising during hours when children watch, and on football games. The other companies may find this sort of voluntary action preferable to a law requiring them to quit radio and TV advertising altogether.

The Extradition of James Earl Ray

At Bow Street Magistrate's Court, the man wanted by the State of Tennessee for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. denied that he was the assassin and refused to admit that he is James Earl Ray. (He was arrested on a warrant made out in the name of Ray.) The chief metropolitan magistrate has, nevertheless, promptly ordered his extradition to the US. "I find," he said, "that James Earl Ray is the same as the person before me." Ray has a right of appeal to the Divisional Court, and if that should fail he may by leave take a further appeal to England's highest court, the House of Lords.

Only hours after British police apprehended Ray, the Justice Department had dispatched Assistant Attorney General Fred M. Vinson Jr. to London with two "priorities," according to Attorney General Ramsey Clark: to "ensure the security" of Ray, and to arrange his return to America "as quickly as possible."

The first priority seemed strange. Vinson could have no control over the British police who held Ray. Indeed, Vinson himself had dropped this version by the time of his press conference in London: his principal reason for being there was "to assist in expediting the return of the prisoner to America." But Vinson was in no position to speed the English extradition hearings.

Not improbably, Vinson was sent to suggest that the British government simply deport Ray as an undesirable alien, thereby circumventing the judicial process of extradition entirely. In England, deportation is an act of executive discretion, and unlike extradition, is not subject to court review. However, if the United States asked that the British deport Ray, then it asked for something that it itself could not do, were the issue the deportation of a British subject from America. The Supreme Court has held consistently that a person served with a deportation order in America is entitled to a hearing if he objects.

The last time the British government cooperated with the United States in a deportation venture, there was a major scandal which the Home Office was not keen to repeat. In 1962, a Dr. Soblen who was wanted for spying in America, cut his wrists while in a plane en route from Israel. He was landed at London in order that his self-inflicted wounds could be treated. The United States requested that Britain make a deportation order upon Soblen, and the Home Secretary did so. Soblen thereupon committed suicide while bound for America, which caused many English lawyers to complain that the Home Secretary's deportation was a disreputable form of disguised extradition.

In any event, the Home Office did not see fit to deport Ray, who has been thrown into the normal process of extradition. Thus, one likely hope of Vinson's trip was dashed. But the trip has also had affirmatively unfortunate consequences for the American interest in getting Ray back. First, Vinson's conduct in England has been the subject of complaint by Ray's highly regarded, court-appointed counsel. On June 10, the London *Times* reported in page-one banner headlines: "US Justice Department Chief Interviews King Case Man." It would be quite improper if Vinson had been allowed to interview Ray. Vinson has denied that he did so, but admits that he "saw" him. But there is no reason why Vinson should have even seen him. The British police said Vinson was "identifying the prisoner." Yet Vinson was not an eye-witness to King's murder, or personally acquainted with the man known as James Earl Ray; therefore his identification would be valueless.

Indirectly, Mr. Vinson's trip could be a contributing factor in preventing Ray from being extradited at all. Under section 3 of the English Extradition Act, 1870, a person may not be surrendered to a foreign government for "an offense of a political character." Such offenses are not defined in the Act, but even before Vinson's visit there was some reason for thinking that Ray's alleged offense might be of such a character, and so his lawyer has claimed. In the past the English courts have refused to surrender to the Swiss government an admitted assassin, the murder having been committed during a political insurrection. Assassination is the term for a *political* murder. And one measurement, though not the only measurement, of how political a crime is, may be the eagerness which a foreign government displays to get hold of the defendant.

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The question remains: why was Ray's speedy return so important? It will do no harm if there is delay while public anger against "assassins" cools somewhat. In the circumstances, one might ask of Vinson: was this trip necessary? KEVIN TIERNEY

MR. TIERNEY is a member of the English Bar and has done graduate work in law at his alma mater, Cambridge University, and at Yale Law School.

Humphrey Strategy

We'll All Get Together After the Nomination

The Vice President and his principal advisers were more shaken than they have admitted by Senator McCarthy's showing in California, his triumph in New York, and his display of strength around the country in local and state contests for delegates to the Democratic national convention. Above all, they were disturbed by the overwhelming evidence that McCarthy has aroused and focused a profound desire for change both in national policy and in "the system" that produces policy and candidates.

Now the period of review is over. Humphrey is on the campaign road again. He and his chief counselors – Senator Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma, Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota, and Washington attorney James Rowe – believe that they have accurately reassessed and redefined the Vice President's problems and strategy. They believe that they know what he has to do in order to win. They are confident that he will be nominated; they have serious but not defeatist doubts that he can do what he and his advisers think he must do if he is to win the Presidency. This report on their revised calculations and intentions is drawn in part from talks with Senators Harris and Mondale; in part from the Humphrey staff, from published accounts, and from a study of the Vice President's speeches and other statements since he emerged from hibernation after the death of Robert Kennedy.

In Hubert Humphrey's situation, there is not much room for important new conclusions and stratagems. His central problem, and it encompasses all of the lesser ones, is as Humphrey stated it privately to me in April (*NR*, May 4) and in a speech on June 20: how can he convince the national convention and then the electorate that a Humphrey victory in November will lead, not to a mere continuance of "the Johnson-Humphrey Administration," but to "a *Humphrey* Administration with its own program, its own nuances, its own sense of direction, its own perspectives, its own objectives?" It is "not time," he told a *Face the Nation* audience June 30, "for nostalagia over the glorious battles of the past. It is the beginning of a new liberal struggle."

Presumably without meaning to do so, President Johnson tends to increase the difficulty for Humphrey. Thus Humphrey hopes to appeal to the disaffected young with a proposal to reduce the federal voting age from 21 to 18; the President submits his own constitutional amendment. Humphrey moves beyond the Administration's gun-control program with a seemingly bold proposal for universal federal registration and licensing, and the President promptly launches his own registration and licensing bill with an unusually dramatic White House briefing. "I am sure," says a Humphrey assistant, "that there is no malice in it." Before trying to stake out his own position on gun control, the aide explains, Humphrey had taken care to recommend the measure to the President and so had no cause for complaint when Mr. Johnson grabbed it.

But Humphrey intends to persist, and is beginning to have some success in building a record of advanced proposals that bear his own rather than the Johnson stamp. Until recently, he fended off demands that he advocate high-cost social programs by arguing that it was idle to propose them when Congress was bent upon cutting federal expenditures. Now he seldom mentions cost, leaving that for a later day, and when he does he refers to it as something that has to be met rather than used as a pretext for inaction. Coming out for federally underwritten education for everybody, preschool through college, he calmly remarks that a call for $8 billion more for higher education alone in the next few years "may not be high." His early endorsement of the Kerner commission report on the causes and alleviation of riots, at a time when the President kept a sullen silence about it, was obscured (to Humphrey's dismay) by his mild doubts that "white racism" was as prevalent as the commission thought and that the country was headed as surely as the report suggested toward separate black and white societies. Now he endorses the report and its expensive housing and other goals without reservations. He retains the doubts, but expresses them in general context rather than connection with the Kerner report.

The kind of stand he wants to take, and finds depressingly few occasions for taking, is exemplified by his recent approval of a hard-core employment bill sponsored by Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania and Representative James G. O'Hara of Michigan. The

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Johnson Administration has opposed the bill because it could cost $10.3 billion in four years. Humphrey suddenly finds that it "makes good sense," and his staff cites the statement as proof of his readiness to differ with Administration views when they conflict with his own. Some of his ideas, expressed and pending, are hardly new-mint stuff, but the point is to pile them up and, when he can, to put a Humphrey sticker on them. This can be risky, especially when the ideas are borrowed from an opponent. When Humphrey talks about "the civil right to earn a living" and "the civil right to have enough to eat," as he now does, he lifts both the concept and the language straight from Senator McCarthy, who was talking in those terms months ago. If many of his speeches seem to be long on rhetoric and short on specifics, there is a purpose in it. The purpose is to dim the memory, now acutely painful to Humphrey and his advisers, of his earlier preoccupation with "the politics of joy." That part of this year's campaign record, one of his counselors says, "is set in concrete" and can never be obliterated. It can only be overlaid with frequent assertions of Humphrey's concern – a genuine concern, as anyone familiar with his record must acknowledge – for the ills of our society and the millions who suffer the ills.

What of Vietnam? Humphrey puts his trust in the Paris negotiations and in his assumption that there is a limit to what the electorate is really prepared to pay, in national pride and in concessions to Hanoi, for a settlement of "the cruel, ugly, and costly war in Vietnam." A flurry of mistaken speculation in mid-June, to the effect that Humphrey was about to disclose hitherto concealed differences with the Administration's war policy and somehow transform himself from a vigorous advocate into a dovish opponent of the war, probably did the Vice President more good than harm. It gave him occasion to say that his views on how to conduct the war have not always been identical with those of President Johnson and that he, Humphrey, has "never felt that Vietnam was subject to a military solution." His associates suggest that he might expand his restrained references to minor past dissents, on such matters as the pace of military escalation and the timing of peace overtures, if it were not for the Paris peace talks and the possibility that he might weaken the American position. After avoiding Vietnam for nearly three months in his set statements, Humphrey plans a speech on "the lessons" of the war. Its emphasis is to be upon the peace effort, not the war itself, and in it he probably won't say much more than he said in two sentences of a *Christian Science Monitor* interview: "The lesson of Vietnam is not that we should pull out and abandon our role in an important part of the world. It is that we should more clearly think out, define and play that role before future Vietnams can happen." For an honest summation of his past views and present inhibitions, Humphrey could do no better than quote the following passage from a speech that his supporter, Senator Mondale, made to some of his young, anti-war constituents in Minnesota last November: ". . . I cannot bring myself to magnify my reservations to the point where they would be seen – incorrectly, but probably enthusiastically – as a fundamental objection to our policy in Vietnam."

On the broader question of "future Vietnams," Mr. Humphrey is taking a position roughly equivalent to Richard Nixon's. Circumstances have changed since the US, after World War II, was obliged to become the guardian of freedom around the world; in Asia, specifically. Japan, India, Australia, New Zealand have developed their own strength; consequently, "our policy should be to encourage a concert of these nations in regional organization to provide for their own economic development and their own defense." (In a radio speech last March 28, Mr. Nixon said: "Conditions have changed since we first assumed that role [the world's chief keeper of peace and guardian of freedom]. . . . All around the rim of China the nations of non-Communist Asia are building a new prosperity and developing a new cohesiveness, which together

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suggest that they should be able to play far more assertive roles in their own defense.")

Senator McCarthy's place in the revised Humphrey calculations cannot be discussed without turning back to Robert Kennedy and the differences that his death has made in those calculations. To hear the Humphrey people tell it, the fact that more of the slain senator's popular and convention support is going to McCarthy than to Humphrey is incidental. The Humphrey men know quite well that their vaunted pre-convention delegate counts (they fed an absurdly precise tally of 1,811 votes for Humphrey *vs* 584½ for McCarthy to *The New York Times* the other day) are so much statistical hogwash. But, granting the uncertainty of all such tabulations at this stage, they are convinced that McCarthy has an outside chance for the nomination.

What concerns them is the critical difference, in their view, between Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy as Humphrey's principal opponent at the convention. They foresaw no great difficulty in coming to terms with Senator Kennedy on convention arrangements, on the Vietnam plank in the party platform, and on the reunion of all factions behind the nominee in the election campaign. The prospect looming now is horrifyingly different. The Humphrey leaders and their allies in the Democratic National Committee directorate profess to foresee a prolonged and turbulent effort, dramatized and magnified on television, to discredit the whole convention process and to label Humphrey the beneficiary of a rigged nomination. At a Washington press conference, obviously arranged to offset reports of pro-Humphrey hanky-panky at local and state party conventions, a Humphrey spokesman who insisted upon anonymity set forth the possibilities in graphic detail. "These McCarthy people," he said, "are mean as hell." Some of them surely are and surely will be at the Chicago convention – if passionate dedication to a candidate and a cause, and aversion to the sort of deals that normally smooth the political process, may rightly be termed meanness. Senator McCarthy, himself no stranger to the practices and processes which he and his followers now question, has said that the convention appears to be "pretty well managed" for Humphrey but "is not really rigged against us." But he also speaks, in a way most discomfiting to the Humphrey pros, of a need "to cleanse and purify one's approach to politics and to the political decisions of next August." Humphrey has said that he will support McCarthy if McCarthy is the nominee. McCarthy has indicated, without saying flatly, that he will not support Humphrey for the Presidency unless the Administration reduces the level of military action in Vietnam and announces a willingness, in the Paris negotiations, to accept a coalition Saigon government which includes the National Liberation Front. This clearly would not mollify many of his followers, who would not settle for anything less than a total repudiation of the Vietnam policy. The post-convention prospect thus is a divided party, or worse, a Democratic defeat in November.

The worries of the Humphrey men on these scores can be exaggerated. There is hope, and the hope is Richard Nixon. A Republican nomination of Nelson Rockefeller would be considered, in the Humphrey camp, a disaster far more serious than any that McCarthy and his people are thought to be capable of causing. It is inconceivable to the working Democrats who support and surround Humphrey that a decisive number of Democrats would vote for Nixon, except in the deep South, or that any except the most fanatically anti-Vietnam liberals would stand neutrally by and let Humphrey go down to defeat by Nixon. Being as sure of Nixon's nomination as they are of Humphrey's, the Vice President's thinkers and worriers like to believe that everything will settle down after their man is nominated and that the multiple vexations stirred up by Eugene McCarthy – his maddeningly quiet and intractable candidacy, his upsetting notions of "purifying" the political game – will fade away.

In the meantime, and at the risk of seeming to dispute their assertions that he cannot win, the Humphrey people are doing their best to diminish McCarthy. This effort is not aimed at the general electorate, but at chosen and prospective delegates to the convention. Humphrey is helping with it, though in a subdued sort of way. The line is that Gene McCarthy is a prince among men, a worthy senator, a valued stimulator of political thought and conscience. *But* – "he can't govern." In a context seemingly unrelated to McCarthy, Humphrey said in a recent colloquy with Washington correspondents, "What you need is a person who knows how to govern," and he will be saying it from now on. The Capitol corridors are a-buzz with stories of good old Gene's casual approach to his Senate chores, and one may be sure that the stories are circulated wherever delegates may hear them. James Reston of *The New York Times* wrote that McCarthy "troubles" Humphrey's key men because "they dare to think he was right on Vietnam and that Mr. Humphrey's speeches – if not his convictions – were wrong." Reston then added, in what his Humphrey sources undoubtedly considered a handsome pay-off, that "Mr. McCarthy troubles them also because they have worked with him in the Senate and feel that he is really a private man who cannot really work with, let alone direct, the vast organization of the American government."

In short – it's rough, and it's going to get rougher.

John Osborne

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Someone Had to Carry on for King

by Charles Conconi and Woody West

"If there is any thought in your mind that I am incapable of the task, let it be removed because, ready or not, I am doing it."

It was the eve of Martin Luther King's funeral and the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy was standing before the marchers King had planned to lead in support of the Memphis garbage workers' strike: "I was not chosen by white people. We are sick and tired of white people choosing our leaders. I was chosen by God and Martin Luther King. . . . Whether it be . . . the National Guard and the police, Lyndon Baines Johnson, or Congress, we ain't gonna let nobody turn us around." On the platform the shattered staff of King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference mobbed their new leader, hugging and pounding him on the back. The Rev. Andrew Young, King's articulate principal adviser, rushed forward, tears streaming. Mrs. Coretta King grasped Abernathy's hand tightly.

Some three months have passed since the King assassination, and Abernathy is in a Washington, D.C. jail. Within that time, he had led King's staff of strong personalities and, at one point, some 2,400 representatives of the nation's poverty to a tree-lined campsite beneath the Lincoln Memorial.

King's campaign became under Abernathy a movement that stuttered and failed to catch up with its vision. It is impossible to judge whether it would have been different had King lived. But the SCLC staff was partially responsible, with its bickering and disorganization, for the almost tragi-comic episode that failed to draw the national outpouring of support that had characterized previous SCLC campaigns in the South.

For seven weeks, the action-oriented staff found its energies and resources drained by struggles with the physical problems of running its instant slum on the Mall, and the almost constant rains that dumped eight inches onto Resurrection City. Through it all, a harried staff and a visibly exhausted Abernathy spent more time flying around the country raising money and support than dealing with the continuing crises in the camp. The real issues of hunger, poverty, racial polarization and threats of violence, and a largely unsympathetic Congress, became obscured.

During the early weeks of the lobbying drive, Abernathy left two young, dynamic staffers in charge – the Rev. Jesse Jackson, national director of SCLC's Operation Breadbasket, and the Rev. James Bevel, director of nonviolent education and training, and a vigorous opponent of the Vietnam war. Calling himself "Poor People Jim," Bevel organized and brought the first major contingent to Washington, a predominantly youthful group that was prepared to build the city or, if necessary, go to jail trying. Bevel, who had angrily opposed the campaign in early discussions with King because he wanted to accent the war, became the first of three "mayors" of Resurrection City. He ran it with an almost studied arrogance.

Suddenly, and without explanation, Jackson was named "city manager" of the camp by Abernathy. Bevel remained active but his role was muted; the 26-year-old Jackson became the forceful and popular leader. Jackson, however, ran afoul of the leadership shortly when, largely on his own, he started leading unimpressive marches on the Department of Agriculture, aimed at giving the restless camp residents something to do. The SCLC leadership generally was agreed that major protests wouldn't begin until the headaches of the camp were solved.

There were two embarrassing incidents – the first on Capitol Hill when Jackson permitted a National Welfare Rights Organization official to lead a march without SCLC supervision. Eighteen persons were arrested. The second was a meaningless visit to the Agriculture cafeteria where a bill of nearly $300 was run up and only partially paid. Abernathy came in later to negotiate with department officials, and Hosea Williams, a veteran activist, came in to run the city and head the direct action phase of the campaign.

Although SCLC officials denied that the change in "mayors" was a result of those incidents under Jackson, a top SCLC aide privately said later that Jackson's increasing popularity with camp residents – and with segments of the public – and the ill-planned demonstrations were significant factors.

From the beginning, Williams had been expected to lead the campaign's demonstrations, but during the early weeks he had been away from Washington organizing cross-country caravans, particularly the symbolic mule-drawn wagon train. A few top SCLC leaders felt that too much time and scarce money were being devoted to the mule train. Still, "things are really going to start happening now; we're going to get on the case," was the frequently heard statement as the 42-year-old former truck driver and research chemist came

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to the muddy camp, spurning the blue-denim campaign uniform for tailored, one-piece jumpsuits. With a bullhorn usually in his hand, he brought an effective cheerleader's ability to raise spirits and arouse the demonstrators to march on the federal establishment.

As the rain continued, the uncomfortable residents grew restive and angry with Abernathy and his staff for living in the comfort of a Negro-owned mid-city motel. At least three times, young militants angrily invaded the motel, demanding that their leaders move in with them. Except for one or two occasions, Abernathy never lived in the hut constructed for him.

Behind the scenes, the most sought-after leader was Andrew Young, who had been King's urbane liaison in the North, especially with the white middle class. The loyal Young was in an uncomfortable position. Following King's death, there were strong suggestions that Young replace the fallen leader. This pressure plagued Abernathy sufficiently that he found it necessary to repeat frequently his cry that, "we are sick and tired of white people choosing our leaders. . . ."

Young, who for years had been extremely close to King, but who carefully remained in the background, was crushed by King's death. Aware that he was the choice of much of the press and the public, Young found himself withdrawing even more to give Abernathy the opportunity to establish himself. The last thing Young wanted was to create friction that might hinder the movement or SCLC, the only organization, he is convinced, that is effectively doing anything for a nation splitting over racial strife. When Abernathy brought his vanguard to Washington to present initial demands to Congress and the federal agencies, Young confided that Abernathy had been the only choice to succeed King. King himself had established Abernathy as his successor, but more importantly, Young explained: "All of us are about the same age and over the years we have been involved in the usual infighting. Abernathy and King were always held in a special position and were never part of it."

COMING: *The kind of gun control law we need, and the kind we now have*

Another staff member laughed when asked about the possibility of Young becoming the leader, partly because Young had had angry disputes in the past with Hosea Williams and other staff members and because Abernathy was revered by the staff, which looked on him as its personal chaplain. It was Abernathy who often soothed ruffled tempers. It was Abernathy who had been King's effective liaison with SCLC's important black clerical base in the South. His evangelistic style could rouse the black community. In Washington, he was out of his element. Here he experienced professionals of Congress and the Administration, not the cracker sheriffs of the South. The federal establishment was polite and played the cool game of promise and attrition. With the Southern techniques not working, staff conflicts grew as more and more time was expended on Resurrection City, reeling under pressures from angry black youths.

After a night of subduing outbreaks of violence at the camp, one SCLC veteran field worker desperately talked of the camp, the campaign and the leadership. "I have never known the poor were so sick," he said. "They are crazy and Abernathy is walking exhaustion and must keep peace in the group. Abernathy just wasn't ready for this campaign; none of us was ready. I haven't had time to think about King's death, and I don't care what anyone says – King wasn't ready to die, no one is. And poor Abernathy after so many years of being a faithful follower was not ready for a position he never in all the time tried to take."

After six weeks, the Solidarity Day march brought 50,000 people together at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial. The march lacked the soaring mood of 1963 when 210,000 people heard King eloquently intone, "I have a dream. . . ." Many observers felt that SCLC then could have ended the campaign, claiming important concessions and not having to face 2,000 riot-equipped policemen throwing them out of Resurrection City. But SCLC knew better. They knew that what they had accomplished was insignificant in terms of their demands; the black militants would say the campaign was the failure they had predicted.

So the day the camp was shut down, Abernathy and nearly 400 campaigners were arrested in a Capitol Hill demonstration and Abernathy sentenced to 20 days in jail. The campaign dragged woodenly through the humid late June days, mounting an occasional modest protest march, sometimes with arrests. But the heart of the Poor People's Campaign had been badly strained. Abernathy determinedly maintained from his jail cell that it was not over, that SCLC would take its call to the national political conventions and to the home districts of unfriendly congressmen. "Ready or not," he was carrying on.

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A Report on The Paris Talks

by Ross Terrill

Paris

"Jaw-jaw is better than war-war," remarked Winston Churchill. But the two are not mutually exclusive. The "jaw-jaw" of the Peace Talks has de-escalated to one low-key session a week, while the "war-war" has escalated to a new peak of intensity and human loss. Are the Paris talks a cruel mockery? Is anything happening here; can anything happen here? One is tempted to dismiss it all as unreal. Outside the halls and lobbies France has quivered in crisis. My conversations with North Vietnamese have sometimes taken place with the boom of grenades and the shouts and thuds of street melées as distant sound effects. French officials find it hard to talk for 10 minutes about the Official Conversations – as the Peace Talks are called – without reverting to the drama of de Gaulle and his attackers.

If the small knot of people concerned with the Talks are a ghetto within Paris, they are also fantastically abstracted from the stern realities of Vietnam. That elegant Vietnamese hand holds not a grenade, but a cocktail. There can be no rude event such as that of August 22, 1951, during the Korean Talks, when an American plane bombed the North Korean and Chinese negotiators in their quarters at Kaesong. At "recreation" breaks during the talks, Harriman and Xuan Thuy and their teams chat mainly about food and drink, events in Paris, and how they amused themselves the previous weekend. Certainly it is heartening, after so many unfruitful peace feelers that Hanoi and Washington are conversing at all. Yet the public sessions have been two monologues rather than talks; little has yet gone on in private.

One can say that the moments of recreation have grown more extended, that channels of private communication are beginning to be explored, that the oral as distinct from the prepared portion of the sessions has grown longer, that civility has been maintained, and that both sides – like lovers who, though unsuccessful, still possess desire – have a tacit agreement to stick at it despite the apparent barrenness. The "dialogue of the deaf," as one French official termed it, must have something in it somewhere.

The paradox is that it is not David, but Goliath, who is the more eager for progress in the Talks. Certainly North Vietnam (DRV) has been hurt by the bombing. It has also been driven into an historically-dreaded dependence upon China by the intensification of the war; a settlement will begin a reverse process in this regard. Hanoi has revealed a desire for a settlement by the progressive loosening of its terms for talks. Two years ago it was said there could be talks with the US only if Washington accepted in principle the DRV's Four Points; later it was said that talks could begin when all "acts of war" against the DRV ceased; finally Xuan Thuy came to Paris while US bombings were still almost as great (not in scope but in missions and tonnage) as they have ever been.

Yet the basic facts of the war still favor the DRV. North Vietnam is holding its own militarily. Westmoreland may have said things "have never been better" as he left Saigon, but the rockets which crashed in on the city simultaneously spoke louder. South Vietnam's great protector is in the war up to its military and political neck. North Vietnam's two great protectors, on the other hand, have been able to watch the US writhe with only a minimum of effort on their part. The communist world, in other words, has much potential still in reserve in this war – despite the serious divisions within it, which raise questions about how, where, and when fresh strength could be applied. Above all, the Hanoi regime and the NLF are Vietnamese, fighting mostly foreigners on Vietnamese soil. Nothing can counterbalance this advantage. It leads much international opinion, as represented here in Paris to lean to Hanoi's side. It gives the DRV fighters the iron morale of men who feel themselves to be patriotic defenders of the very bodies, fields, and homes of their people.

At the ninth session on June 19 Mr. Harriman said Hanoi "would be making a fatal mistake" if it did not see that "world opinion had turned against North Vietnam" by developments since the I-will-not-run

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speech of President Johnson on March 31. The American delegation is deeply convinced on this point. But traveling from the US to Europe, and listening here to the full array of Asians that Paris contains, it becomes clear that the March 31 speech is not widely regarded – outside the US – as a towering act of statesmanship, but more frequently as a confession of the bankruptcy of the entire US policy toward Vietnam and East Asia generally.

These varying interpretations are crucial to the pattern one can expect the Peace Talks to follow. Did Johnson put himself one up on March 31, or did he reveal himself as being desperate? If the first is true, Hanoi will have to take the next step (this is the position of Harriman). If the second is true, the US has already betrayed to Hanoi that it wants out. This leaves Ho Chi Minh in the relatively happy situation of standing firm and waiting for the cracks in the Johnson policies to widen further and further, to the point where Ho, to get peace, has to make few concessions beyond those he has already made.

The evidence in Paris points to the second line rather than to the first. The Americans seem more anxious than the North Vietnamese. Hanoi, to be sure, is hot for publicity, and a little disappointed that its level has fallen off since the Talks began. But it is Washington which is hot for progress. It is Harriman, not Xuan Thuy, who has been pressing for more frequent meetings. It is Harriman – concerned at the impact of the weekly denunciation from Xuan Thuy, not least upon the nervous allies of the US – who has been urging, so far without success, for a discontinuation of the practice of issuing the full text of each session's statements to the press. It was Harriman, leaving for Washington on June 21, who felt he had to say the Talks had brought some "slight progress"; Nguyen Thanh Le rebutted him immediately, saying there had been "no progress." And for what such an impression is worth, it is the Americans, more than the Vietnamese, who seem depressed and edgy after the barren sessions.

One cannot expect, after all, as some American columnists evidently do, that the March 31 speech will somehow cancel the fact that the Vietnam war has brought the US to one of the deepest crises of its history. Recall Harriman's own words of 20 months ago in Colombo, uttered cockily to the skeptical Ceylonese: "I can assure you that the entire people of the United States are supporting the President in the war." Now the world knows (the President's own reflective remarks about "division" in the nation testify to it) that this has not been been true. Xuan Thuy rams home the point, with quotations from Fulbright, Robert Kennedy and others, every time he speaks.

Recall what George Kennan said just four months ago: "It is not an exaggeration to say that today, after four years of this dreadfully misconceived effort, we are in a situation more serious than any we have known since the first months of 1942, and in some respects more serious than that." The Hanoi delegation is acutely aware of this. They know enough about America to realize they are talking with a country which has lost confidence in much of its Asian policy. They even cite Mao Tse-tung's remark of some years ago, to the effect that the US has picked up a stone to throw at the people of Vietnam, only to drop it on its own foot.

William Jordan, spokesman for the US delegation, holds his briefings in front of an enormous American flag that nearly covers the wall behind him. Lit up by the TV lights, it lends a strident note which the briefings bear out. Jordan himself struggles to be dead-pan, but cannot completely hide his sense of being deeply wounded by the DRV attacks, which he is forced by the questions to refer to. It seems to pain him to have to be dealing, on a footing of equality, with a mob of Asian peasants who totally fail to discern America's good intentions.

At the French Foreign Office building in the Avenue Segur, Nguyen Thanh Le, spokesman for Hanoi, seems to suffer less. His main worry is probably the wilting of interest in the Talks. Dealing with the US as an equal is clearly fine with him. He summarizes in detail, and with care, not only what Xuan Thuy has said the preceding session, but also what Harriman has said. He refers, easily and with satisfaction, to a whole range of authorities, from the French government to US critics of the war, in support of the DRV position. He is assured and patient.

One finds confirmation of Hanoi's satisfaction with the attention her point of view is receiving, in the nervousness of Saigon's representatives in Paris. Hanoi is discussing *South* Vietnamese affairs – stress upon the south has been especially great in the last two sessions – while the men of Saigon have to twiddle their thumbs in their embassy and wait for the mimeographed text.

The North Vietnamese are in no great hurry in Paris because they have much, much more still to churn out about the sufferings of their country. Unlike Mr. Harriman and Mr. Vance, they have no worry about public opinion at home, no impatience from that quarter can complicate their plans. News within the DRV is tailored to serve the purposes of the ruling party; single-minded attention can therefore be given to international public opinion.

US spokesmen have told journalists that Harriman is concerned that hawkish pressures at home will make a resumption of the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong

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likely, unless there is progress in Paris soon. But it is regarded as unthinkable, here in Europe, that full bombing should be resumed. The reason is not primarily that this would be unjust (though that is surely the prevailing view). Rather it is the doubts long evident among Americans themselves, not least Robert McNamara, that the bombing can be a decisive element in the war. If the bombing is resumed now, the reasoning goes, it will be a sign of mindless abandon on Washington's part. Calculated strategy will have given way to desperation, brutality, and open-ended challenge to the whole communist camp. The two points join together when Frenchmen express doubt that the White House itself has any longer sufficient confidence in the rightness and effectiveness of the entire Vietnam policy to go back and retrace old steps, at the cost of the certain breakup of the Paris Talks. The hawks were right when they said that to stop the bombing would be taken as a sign of weakness and that once you stop the bombing it is very hard indeed to start it again. (The doves were right in saying the bombing would be basically ineffective anyhow.)

The biggest handicap of all for the US is Johnson's withdrawal from the Presidency. To be sure, the March 31 speech rehearsed all the familiar arguments for the Vietnam policy, and claimed success for it, but its more eloquent part was the action it announced. The withdrawal seen from Paris, has written all over it the failure of the Johnson policy. Hanoi's men have taken this as their starting point. This is why they came to Paris. This is why they sit tight waiting for a further step from the restless Americans.

Meanwhile the North Vietnamese are, more than ever before, in a delicate, even perilous position in relation to their own allies. They are under no illusions about the depth of the Chinese-Soviet antagonism. In public complete blandness on the issue is maintained. But signals are occasionally given, like Ho's refusal of the Lenin Prize, or the comment by the journal *Hoc Tap*, on Ho's birthday last year: "We love and respect our leader, but we do not deify him" (so much for the cultural revolution). In private Hanoi sometimes bangs the table in the presence of the quarreling giants. She is painfully aware that neither of them put her own struggle at the top of their list of priorities. Moscow could give far more aid than it does, if the desire for stable relations with Washington did not so preoccupy it. Peking, similarly guided by national interest, especially in the face of the US menace, seems to follow the maxim of her great theorist of war, Sun Tze, who wrote 2,500 years ago: "To win a war without striking a blow is perfection."

Hanoi is more lonely – or independent, take your pick – in these Talks than is generally realized. Between the March 31 speech and Hanoi's acceptance of the proposal to talk, North Vietnam had only very general consultations with friendly governments, the most important perhaps being those with France. Advice from Peking and Moscow has many times been disregarded. The North Vietnamese realize, however, that when a definite settlement approaches, China, the USSR, and others will have to be in it in some form, as happened in 1954. This will be a danger point for Hanoi. Just as some North Vietnamese believe Moscow pressured them into the disadvantageous settlement in 1954, so, it seems, some in the NLF believe that Hanoi, in turn, left them naked in 1954 to face the oppressions of the anti-communist Saigon regime. Signs are that the NLF, as well as Thieu, are anxious about the Paris Talks, in which their nation is represented only by the lean warriors of the north. The Hanoi delegation in Paris is keenly conscious of the NLF problem; it is indeed probably their biggest problem at present.

Two facts, one geographic, one political, seem basic. The south is richer than the north, and it has always been desirable to northerners to have southern food sources available to them. Tran Van Huu, former head of the Saigon government, told me last week that at Geneva in 1954, Pham Van Dong, Premier of the DRV, in a four-hour private talk admitted that Hanoi needed and wanted economic aid from the south. Second – a matter of crucial importance for the future pattern of the Talks – there are "patriotic nationalists" in the south, some inside the NLF and some outside, for whom the dominance of Hanoi is tolerable *only so long as it is necessary to drive out the Americans.* Some of these patriotic nationalists in Paris have received cordial communications, requesting general assistance in the struggle, from Nguyen Huu Tho, President of the NLF.

Their viewpoint on the vexed issue of DRV troops in the south is revealing, and epitomizes their overall position. Said Tran Van Huu: "Xuan Thuy is perfectly within his rights in refusing to let the issue of DRV troops in the south become a factor in the Talks. Vietnam is one, Geneva affirmed that, and while there are foreign troops in Vietnam, Hanoi is right to fight them." With equal intensity he continued: "But after the foreigners are beaten, Hanoi's rights in the south come to an end. She must not take over the south politically. Vietnamese public opinion will not permit it."

This of course will be the future point of contention between Hanoi and the NLF. But already in Paris, Hanoi is trying to lay its own kind of foundation for a settlement on the future of the south. It has not limited its side of the Talks to the "acts of war against the DRV." Le Duc Tho, the Politbureau member who

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arrived in the first week of June, is a specialist on southern questions. There are ingredients in this situation which must disturb the NLF. In his letter to Heads of State of January 1966, Ho Chi Minh said: "If the US really wants peace, it must recognize the NLFSV as the sole genuine representative of the people of South Vietnam, and engage in negotiations with it." The startling fact is that Hanoi has edged away from both of these points. Hanoi has welcomed the Alliance of National Democratic and Peace Forces. Formed in April from among men in and around Saigon, the Alliance has a separate existence from the NLF. The DRV delegation in Paris, moreover, has made contact with "patriotic nationalist" figures resident in Paris. Evidently the NLF is not, after all, the "sole genuine representative" of the south. Furthermore, the delegation in Paris insists only on the *program* of the NLF, not on its *presence* at the negotiating table. Xuan Thuy states that after the bombing has fully ceased, the DRV – but not, apparently, the NLF – will discuss "matters of common concern to the DRV and the US." The North Vietnamese declined to tell me more specifically what these questions would be, but it is clear they will be about the future of south Vietnam. This cannot please the NLF. "Anyone who has anything to discuss in connection with South Vietnam," the NLF chief in Hanoi told Harrison Salisbury in January 1967, "must discuss it with the Front. The North cannot speak for the South. Tran Huu Kha of the NLF office in East Berlin expressed similar sentiments to me in June 1966."

I do not believe it to be true that Hanoi is less hawkish than the NLF, somewhat as Moscow is less hawkish than Peking. The difference between Hanoi and the NLF is primarily over who will have the power to shape the future of the south. In Paris there is a curious, tacit alliance between Hanoi and Washington on one matter: both want to have the say, for their side on the ideological fence, about the political future of the south. Hence the Talks have coursed widely over the southern affairs, notwithstanding Hanoi's prior statement that the Talks were being held to "end the bombing," notwithstanding Saigon's anxieties, and notwithstanding the fact that eventually it is with the NLF that the US must negotiate the future of the south.

It seems to me that one way for the US to get things moving in Paris would be to enlarge the Talks, so that they include the NLF, and no doubt Saigon as well. This would certainly make the Talks infinitely more realistic. This would also serve to bring out the differing perspectives of Hanoi and the NLF, which Harriman could doubtless exploit to US advantage. It would, in a concrete way, introduce into the discussions what every Vietnamese knows – that most southerners do not wish to see Hanoi govern the south. The whole assemblage of "patriotic nationalists" – who are incongruously excluded by the present polarization – would then become a factor in the Talks, whether directly or indirectly. The shape of a possible coalition government might then come dimly into view. The paradox of the Talks so far, is that the US is allowing the North Vietnamese to maneuver themselves into position as spokesmen for the south. Yet the whole war, according to Washington, is being fought in order to keep Hanoi's fingers out of southern affairs. It is true now, as it always has been, that the strongest bulwark against Hanoi's southern ambitions is the left wing southern nationalists, some inside and some outside the NLF. The US, however, refuses to do business with them. Just as the Johnson policy has tended to push Hanoi into the lap of Peking, so in Paris it tends to deliver up the most important and worthy political elements in South Vietnam into the lap of Hanoi.

Will there be progress? Developments on the battlefield are the key. Some observers think the heavy fighting may not be a bad omen for peace. "When there is hard fighting, together with talking, it is a sign of peace," said a shrewd Chinese here. "When all is politeness and assurances, together with military calm – the way Hitler did it – that is bad." Each side is staking out claims by military means. But it is no longer believed that gains can be finally secured by force alone. The goal is to have them registered and sanctioned at the negotiating table.

Yet the US will surely have to become more flexible on the substantial issues, given that she is not able, for combined military and political reasons, to win on the battlefield. Harriman asks Hanoi to begin some sort of withdrawal from the south, in return for total cessation of the bombing. But the real reciprocity for Hanoi's retreat from the south is surely *American* retreat from the south (and even this way of viewing the matter somewhat favors the US, since, according to Geneva, the northerners are not crossing a state frontier in moving south). Above all, Washington will have to start seeing the south other than as the unique preserve of Thieu and Ky. In legal terms the drive by the DRV delegation to establish that "Vietnam is One" is valid. In political terms, however, it is shaky. To counter this DRV drive, the real elements in southern politics will have to be confronted. The strangely elusive nature of the war has always lain in its being, not a war to defend an established entity, but a war to create an established entity. The anti-communist, semi-colonial governments of Saigon have not been able to do it. The US, for all its wealth and power, cannot possibly do it. Hanoi is bidding in Paris for an opportunity to do it. Is that what Harriman and Johnson want?

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Candidates and Cities

by Michael Miles

With the implacable good cheer of recreation directors aboard the Raffaello, the Presidential candidates are talking these days about "participation" in urban development. The people will participate; local government will participate; the federal government will participate; most of all, the "private sector" will participate.

This is the "New Politics" of participatory capitalism. Urban renewal has failed; public housing has failed; *therefore*, the public sector must pass the torch to the local oligarchies which subverted the former programs to the advantage of downtown commercial interests. The blacks are rioting; the students are in the streets; the middle class is voting down the old men; therefore, people must have a "sense" of participation, or a "feeling" of power – anything but the thing itself. Some three decades after it was actually laid to rest the pragmatists have announced the demise of the New Deal; therefore, we must proceed without delay to create the corporate state, taking a cue from the *first* New Deal to which Gen. Hugh Johnson paid tribute upon leaving the NRA with a reference to the "shining example of Mussolini."

The scramble is now on among the politicians to appropriate the New Politics put-on. Richard Nixon has observed that the Republican Party really originated the New Politics of participation, since it has always favored governmental de-centralization which in his mind has something to do with popular sovereignty.

Inhaling deeply on his political hookah, Nixon envisions an alliance of bankers and black militants against the villainous Feds, because "much of the black militant talk these days is actually in terms far closer to the doctrines of free enterprise than to those of the welfarist '30s." Nixon proposes a mixed bag of tax incentives, re-insurance programs, mortgage guarantees, and the like, to unleash the productive and employment capacity of the super-corporations and nascent black capitalists. But that comes later. For the moment, he advocates budget reductions to protect the stability of the dollar, leaving the private sector more or less on its own.

These notions are not far removed from the current endeavors of the Johnson Administration, and from what Hubert Humphrey has in mind, as his plans for the private sector bear a resemblance – loyal but distinctive – to those of his *pater familias*. Manna from the private sector, compliments of the Administration, is the insurance community's $1-billion mortgage fund to "improve the social and physical fabric of our central cities and the quality of the life of the people there." Undertaking a study of the District of Columbia, two journalists of *The Washington Post* discovered that the loans, which are fully insured by the FHA at the insistence of the companies, are being used to finance homes for the black middle class in the $7,000 to $15,000 a year income bracket.

This example suggests the unlikelihood of the national corporations' saving us all in a fit of civic mindedness. Enlightened companies have, of course, undertaken various experiments in industrializing the center city. Avco has established a plant in Roxbury; Aero-Jet General has established the Watts Manufacturing Co., which produces tents.

But, while there is no money in the urban biz, neither will there be many contractors, banks, and corporations. There are various means of remedying this, all involving public subsidies to business. The credit gap between low-income people and credit institutions can be closed by public guarantees of private loans and by interest-rate subsidies to the borrowers. National corporations will endeavor to reduce construction costs through new building technologies if market risks are eliminated through contracts with

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public agencies, R&D costs paid by the same, and perhaps various tax subsidies provided as well.

Anyone named Rockefeller is not likely to miss the significance of the profit question in urban rehabilitation. The New York governor has established an Urban Development Corporation in his state, which he offers as a national prototype. This public corporation which is authorized to issue $1 billion of self-liquidating bonds, should be able, if brother David's estimates are correct, to attract five times that amount in private capital which would benefit by favorable tax and financial treatment. Rockefeller claims that a national program on the same principle could channel the enormous sum of $60 billion into urban development.

Rockefeller is a much better Republican than he is usually given credit for. His scheme is a classic model of Eastern-style, paternal reform. In the law which established the corporation, there are no definite criteria for the re-location of displaced residents who are at the mercy of the corporation's directors, of whom one will no doubt be a light coffee color. Testifying before legislative committee, Donald Elliott, chairman of New York City's planning commission, charged that the corporation would "return us to the day when massive construction programs simply shifted the locations of slums and did not solve fundamental problems."

As illustrated by his Battery City Park plan for lower Manhattan, Nelson Rockefeller has never shown any keen appreciation for those human aspects of social problems which do not lend themselves to the construction of monuments to Rockefeller philanthropy. The Urban Development Corporation may generate construction jobs for Negroes and Puerto Ricans, but there is not the slightest suggestion of any channels through which they can affect planning and social design of what is built, such as have been laboriously constructed by the Lindsay administration.

Hubert Humphrey assembled a task force to produce his own "Marshall Plan" for cities. It was no surprise that Humphrey espoused a consortium scheme similar to Rockefeller, since the idea has advocates within HEW and since the Johnson Administration almost adopted the prototype developed at the Woods Hole conference in 1966. The Model Cities program provides some evidence of what to expect from Humphrey's notion of what he has called the "right of every citizen to participate fully in governing neighborhood, city, state, and nation." In contradistinction to methods of the sometimes adventuresome OEO, the HUD bureaucracy will channel all its funds through the offices of the mayors. The mayors in turn appoint temporary committees of the local citizenry, including some real live poor people, which in turn determine the structure of permanent advisory committees on planning and the use of federal funds. Thus, City Hall controls a centralized planning process with the benefit of a dummy "citizen participation structure."

Although the candidates seem confident that their "private sector" schemes are the result of a remarkable exercise of the social imagination, the entrance of selected national corporations into urban development will be one of the more logical developments of modern American history. Along with systems analysis, McNamara and Co. introduced into Washington a theory of economic development based on the methods of the military-industrial complex. If it is hypothesized that a high rate of growth can be sustained by a high rate of technological innovation, then it makes sense from the technocratic point of view to subsidize new technologies in order to develop new growth industries. As it happens, the sponsors of those technologies – in medical electronics, education, ocean sciences, and now in urban problems and construction – are also the major military and aerospace corporations. This is in part the result of their superior technical capability and political savvy. In many cases, however, their new interest in urban development is a life-or-death response to insufficient sales and marketing capability that would permit their surviving in the private market. These corporations have become addicted to the "public market" – the subsidized research and development and the risk-free guaranteed profits.

The 1966 report of the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, "Technology and the American Economy," was a virtual brief for the emergent urban-industrial complex: "Just as the concentration of research efforts produced such radically new innovations as intercontinental ballistic missiles and Polaris submarines, concentrations of similar scale on more difficult economic and social problems could contribute to meeting our human and community needs if the political consensus could be implemented." The crucial argument was and remains that the large corporations have the resources to develop building technologies, for which relatively small construction firms lack the capability. The military and aero-space firms generally have the jump in developing these methods of pre-fabrication and are also better stocked with personnel trained in the "systems approach" which is usually sold along with the notion of technological innovation.

One of the report's recommendations has already come to pass. Since restrictive local building codes inhibit experimentation with pre-fabrication and other techniques, it was suggested that federally supported public housing be the scene for the initial application

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of such technologies. This year, the Defense Department has awarded three contracts for experimental housing at George Air Force Base to General Electric, Aero-Jet General, and the Carl Koch architectural firm teamed with Kaiser Industries. HUD has also awarded contracts for its own inner city research and development program. Numerous defense- and aerospace-oriented firms bid on these contracts.

Many of the military intellectuals who have moved into the urban field are aware of the essential asymmetry between the purely technological problems of space flight and the largely political and social questions in the cities. Tom Glennon of the RAND Corporation is not untypical in his comment that the "Black power movement in all its varieties cannot be submerged." So far have the analysts of the Institute for Politics and Planning wandered from ideologies of social control that they suggest that it is desirable to "program redistribution of power" in a systems analysis.

Nonetheless, it is improbable that those who can afford the services of urban institutes will be interested in re-distributing power. The powers-that-be may prefer the approach of Bernard A. Schriever Associates, who are putting together a consortium of firms including Aero-Jet General, Lockheed, and Northrop, to attack the whole nexus of urban problems. Schriever favors centralized decision-making at the federal level, regional planning authorities, long-term urban plans based on systems analyses. He recently went off to Greece to advise the junta on their "plan to revitalize some of their cities and to advance their economic growth." If the Institute for Politics and Planning insists on programming to re-distribute power, it will probably discover that the authorities are not programming the Institute for Politics and Planning.

The single candidate who might conceivably cast a cold eye on a purely corporate and technocratic approach to urban development is Senator McCarthy. Since he repeatedly has referred to blacks in this country as a "colonized people," he may have reservations about a colonial model of development. "The crisis of our cities," he has said, "must be met with the creation of real democracy – political, and social and economic." Nonetheless, the analysis of McCarthy's urban advisors is weighted toward the assimilation of blacks into the industrial system on *its* terms. In their judgment, it is chimerical to concentrate exclusively on economic development and housing construction in the ghetto since insufficient land is available, and since industry and employment are in the main elsewhere – namely, the suburbs. The distribution of the labor markets is such, they maintain, that while there is a labor surplus in the center city, there is a labor shortage in the suburbs to the extent of 250,000 high-paying blue collar jobs, which blacks could move into without having to contend with the racist building trades. Although suburban integration is out of the immediate question, the McCarthy people are excited about the prospects for entire "New Towns" built from the ground up.

But the question remains: what role would blacks have in the planning and social design of New Towns? Since they would lose their local concentration and their strategic position for obstruction, which are their main sources of power, they would most likely be cut out of the development process altogether. At best, they might participate in new structures of local government after the fact of construction. It would be no mean feat, of course, to devise institutional forms for democratic participation in economic development under any circumstances. There are some 80 to a hundred democratically structured community corporations around the country, some of which are designed for economic development. But most of these are on paper, and they could not undertake large-scale urban development autonomously as they lack capital and technical personnel. A more promising line of development for community corporations may be in the direction of new democratic units of local government. These new institutions could exercise influence on planning policy through contractual relationships with businesses and through political clout.

The general problem of urban regeneration is that the logic of freedom and the logic of development seem contradictory. The development of new forms of self-government takes time and the advocates of intervention directed from the corporate and federal government level maintain that any delay is against the interests of the poor themselves. But the movement for black power is unmistakable. The people of Watts, for instance, have rejected a proposal for an industrial park which seemed to them merely paternalistic. The question of freedom cannot be begged.

None of the candidates has proposed a proper mix of federal subsidy, de-militarized corporate resources, and democratic control. Without this mix, ventures in urban development will only create gilded ghettos or assimilate the blacks on the same materialist basis that the labor movement has been assimilated. Count such a program of self-liquidating liberalism a success if in a few decades blacks are beating up on students. In politics, there is an organic relationship between the form of an enterprise and its content. In their single-minded obsession with "results" the "problem-solvers" perceive only the end in immediate view. But the chief "result" of an urban development program will be the means chosen to achieve the end.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Osborne Observed

If there is one thing that John Osborne can do, it's write dialogue. This is a handy knack in playwrights – and not to be taken for granted even among famous ones. His play *Inadmissible Evidence* has faults, but one of them certainly is not pallid, clumsy, incredible or trite dialogue. In speech, at least, he is proof that in England the line of John Marston is not dead yet.

Inadmissible Evidence
(Paramount)
The Bride Wore Black
(Lopert)
The Thomas Crown Affair
(United Artists)

Osborne's particular brand of acid-torch rhetoric is the *body* of this play. He creates characters, sprinkles humor, and tells something of a story, but it is in the very texture of his language that the true drama resides. It is in the words blue-slashing through the air that he fixes the modern England that he would like with all his soul to loathe, if only he could.

I saw *Inadmissible Evidence* in London and New York and each time was struck strongly with several matters. Here are some of them. The nightmare prologue, which is virtually a long monologue for Maitland the solicitor-hero, is really the play in capsule. It could be played separately and would give us the essence of Maitland and of Osborne's views on most of what follows; mainly, the rest of the play is varyingly successful articulation of what is compressed in the capsule. The mind of Maitland is really the arena of the play; everything else exists there or else is significantly excluded. The character of Maitland – embittered, self-hating, viciously funny, lecherous, lost, agonizingly self-aware – is a plateau, not a cumulative growth. The exposition of that character goes on too long, but the wonder is that Osborne can find as much variety and nuance in it as he does. There is some tension or change going on between him and almost every other character, yet the sense we get is not of dramatic progress but of dissection. The short scenes in which the clients appear and tell their troubles are simply excellent – lives not merely summarized but distilled. The very existence of the play itself is a statement of social relevance: it is only nine years from *Look Back in Anger* to *Inadmissible Evidence*, and Osborne has shifted in subject from the outsider looking in to the insider looking wistfully out.

Whatever it lacks in cumulation and growth, the play is committed to its language and to its theatre *form*. This commitment is what is lacking in the film. Where the play had courage of conviction in its form, the screenplay – by Osborne – settles for imitating the form of many other films. The opening monologue is drastically condensed and partially replaced by (dream) sequences of Maitland en route to the dock; we are shown his home and his commuting; we see him frisking on the beach with his secretary; we see Maples the homosexual being arrested in the subway lavatory, and so on. All this seems to me meek subservience to clichés of what makes films "visual." Osborne would simply snort if anyone tried to impose equivalent formulas on him in the theatre. The play need not merely have been reproduced on film (although Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade* film showed that this – or nearly this – can be cinematically viable). But most of the cuts in the play weaken the film, and most of the expeditions simply state prosaically what had been vividly suggested. Two "improvements" are particularly poor: the walks along ugly streets with ugly faces, to show how debased modern life is, are an unhelpful bow to early Tony Richardson; and Britain now should ban scenes in strip-clubs to symbolize failed depravity.

What is left of the play is often very pleasantly vitriolic and sometimes quite moving. Anthony Page, who directed both play and film, has again done well by his actors; his camerawork lacks the immediate sense of self-assurance, of confident individuality, that his stage work had. Nicol Williamson presents a large portion of his original Maitland, surely one of the prodigious acting performances of the decade. (But the film diminishes him in a sense, besides condensing the role. In the theatre he earned our added admiration for a marathon sustained effort; here we know it was all done in bits and pieces.) Isobel Dean as a divorcing woman is beautiful in her brief scene, but the script omits her character's fantasy reappearances that, in the play, bore out the opening fantasy-mode. Eileen Atkins is fine as the disgusted mistress-secretary. There is one advantage in the perambulating film script; it gives us more of a chance to see Jill Bennett, the "permanent" mistress. She is warm, strong, but tender, just the kind of mistress that any right-thinking man would want and that a wry-thinking man like Maitland desperately needs.

Osborne and Page have missed a chance in this film, I think. The original *Inadmissible Evidence* was too long for what it had to say – the evidence was rather too admissible – but it had its own sense of being, which is here badly cracked. A play that was conceived as an increasingly bad dream has been made into a grittily detailed, naturalistic film. The energy that went into making the picture "visual" would have been much better spent on developing the dream concept, rather than on pavements. The central image of the play – Maitland trapped in his office, sinking in a swirling sea, sucking for life at the end of a telephone – is lost.

The backwards-thinkers are at it again. If anyone else had done *The Bride Wore Black*, it might be seen as a cleverly made, thoroughly dumb, banal murder-thriller – senseless but with some nice camera touches and acting. However, François Truffaut directed it, and besides being Truffaut, he is also the "author" of a book-length interview with Alfred Hitchcock; so this

(Continued on page 33)

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Books and the Arts

Prophet of Youth

by Stephen Koch

In every college of the land, the Hesse boom has hit peak phase and become so powerful that it has even knocked Camus off his "portable pedestal." Ever since Timothy Leary pronounced *Steppenwolf* his favorite work of literature, Hesse has been standard psychedelic equipment, along with water-pipes, day-glow art, the Maharishi, Jim Morrison and the *I Ching*.

Narcissus and Goldmund
by Hermann Hesse
(Farrar Straus & Giroux; $5.95)

There is even a new electronic rock group on the west coast called Steppenwolf.

Guruhood is nothing new for Hesse – I know Germans in their middle sixties who devoured each new book during their own adenoidal phase – and the role fits him rather well. His art springs from an unshakably profound infatuation with adolescence, and his vision of youth is underwritten by his incapacity to break loose from youth's fascination. His only interesting material is the passions of 25 and under: the pangy vertigo of limitless prospects, or the utterly pure, corny tenderness of narcissism, or the wild thrill of discovering feelings that are entirely new, *never* felt before. When he turns to other materials – as he does in the inexpressibly boring final two thirds of *The Bead Game*, he can be a fusty drag, with all his limitations showing.

Like everything else in his work, Hesse's thought is irretrievably adolescent, so that in his chosen role of artist of ideas, he is invariably second-rate, although unlike the other prophets of the New Age, he is never *less* than second-rate. His thought is never cheap, never trashy, but neither is it ever intellectually exalting, the way the professorial, unfashionable Mann so often is. Almost without exception, Hesse's ideas are derivative, schoolboyish, traditional to the point of being academic, influenced by all the right people, and boringly correct. Life, for example, is divided into Many Dualisms which cause Much Unhappiness. There is Intellect versus Passion; Thought versus the Senses; Good versus Evil; Self versus All; Male versus Female; Yin versus Yang. It is a Terrific Experience to Transcend these Dualisms and Make them Fuse. Likewise, the Self is limiting; it is a Terrific Experience to surrender the Self and confront the All. The Intellect is inhibiting, so it's a Terrific Experience to forget your brain and let the Senses take over. Good and Evil are all mixed up together, but they are both Terrific Experiences. The All is wonderful. Each of us has a Steppenwolf inside. The World-Soul is androgyne. Sex can be *wild*.

So, it goes, book after book, the Great Ideas chasing the Terrific Experiences home to their all-too-obvious destinations. Flawed though it sometimes is, Hesse's aesthetic sense is different and better than this; *it* does sometimes rise to extraordinary levels, does transform itself into "something else," as the kids say. The final third of *Steppenwolf* is one of the great moments in modern literature, a moment original to the point of being in a class by itself, and one with an importance to future art which is not to be patronized.

This disparity between his intellectual and aesthetic capacities is one of the most noticeable facts about Hesse, one of those boring dualisms with which he himself was afflicted. It is this dualism which is the subject of the newly translated *Narcissus and Goldmund*, the medieval romance Hesse wrote just after he finished *Steppenwolf*. Like *Siddhartha*, *Narcissus and Goldmund* is set in the remote past, though in this case not in Gautama's India but in medieval Germany. It is about the Artist versus the Intellectual. The intellectual in question is a monk named – what else? – Narcissus, and the artist is his pupil, Goldmund, as sensuously passionate as his teacher is analytic and cold. They thus make an all-too-perfect pair. In a fit of adolescent piety, Goldmund has decided to follow his frigid, beautiful mentor into a life of asceticism until the brilliant, sterile Narcissus perceives that his pupil's Tao, his "thing," is a creative lust for the female. At this moment, the book reaches an almost grotesque symmetry:

> "'Why yes,' Narcissus continued 'Natures of your kind, with strong, delicate senses, the soul-oriented, the dreamers, poets, lovers are almost always superior to us creatures of the mind. You take your being from your mothers. You live fully. . . . You are in danger of drowning in the world of the senses; ours is the danger of suffocating in an airless void. You are an artist; I am a thinker. You sleep at the mother's breast; I wake in the desert. For me the sun shines; for you the moon and stars. Your dreams are of girls; mine of boys'. . . ."

"Your dreams are of girls; mine of boys. . . ." This sentence tears the heart from the mystery of *Narcissus and Goldmund*, because this novel is not really about the Artist versus the Intellectual at all. It is about wanting women. Escaping the all-male environment of the monastery, Goldmund embarks on his career of screwing girls, and *that* is the substance of the book. Lise, Marie, Lydia, Rebeckah, Lene, Lisbeth – Goldmund finds women everywhere, in every castle and field and town. There is a woman on every page, and every one of them loves Goldmund. The book is thus a strangely unsalacious but blissful male idyll.

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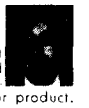

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If *Siddhartha* is a cool canticle raised to the ideal of Ego Transcendence, *Narcissus and Goldmund* is a jangling rage in praise of heterosexuality. Goldmund is defined and created through women, who are the substance from which he derives his reality. They are his air; he breathes and devours them. And he creates through them.

Goldmund becomes a sculptor. He riots through his existence, leaving behind him a trail of girls, in Eliot's phrase, "sore but satisfied." He sees the face of the Madonna. He grows old. At the end of the novel, the aging prodigal returns to the monastery, where Narcissus, also aging, is still sterile, intellectual, and secretly queer. After one last fling, Goldmund dies:

> "And now the sick man opened his eyes again . . . and with a sudden movement, as though he were trying to shake his head, he whispered: 'but how will you die when your time comes, Narcissus, since you have no mother? Without a mother, one cannot love. Without a mother, one cannot die.'
>
> "What he murmured after that could not be understood. Those last two days Narcissus sat by his bed day and night, watching his life ebb away. Goldmund's last words burned like fire in his heart."

Even gossipy America has kept surprisingly well the open secret that throughout his life, Hesse was an overt homosexual. (The standard English biography by Ernst Rose doesn't give the slightest hint.) That fact casts another strange light on this book about woman-lust, and on the final destitution of its "intellectual" – the narcissist whose dream is of boys. It was surely as Narcissus that Hesse saw himself – mentor to youth, using his wisdom to liberate their sensuous creativity and thereby forcing them beyond him.

In 1916, Hesse was analyzed by a pupil of Jung – he was thus, so far as I know, the first major artist ever to be analyzed – and he surely accepted the Jungian message about maternity and death which he puts into the dying sculptor's mouth. The novel's last cliché about the words burning like fire is too weak to suggest the obvious fact that *Narcissus and Goldmund* is

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not only about Goldmund's ebullience, but also about Narcissus' despair.

That despair is never felt within the dualistic structure of the book. True enough, one does feel Narcissus fighting his impulse to fall in love with Goldmund, and senses him inverting those impulses into thought. But the Narcissus-Goldmund syzygy is by and large maintained by a coolly symmetrical, organizational principle which makes the book's structure Narcissus-like while the details are Goldmund-esque in their sensuous, "psychedelic" richness. (An "oceanic" richness often awash in oceanic cliché, not terribly far from the prose of the *East Village Other:* "Suddenly in the middle of a page, he'd sink back into himself and forget everything, listening only to the rivers and voices inside himself, while they drew him away into deep wells filled with dark melodies. . . ." etc., etc.) Such a nifty paradox overlooks the fact that the book's best moments are neither "intellectual" nor especially womanizing, but are blasted with cold chaos. Goldmund stabs a murderous highwayman to death. He wanders across the terrain of the plague; he walks into a musty house where the dead family is still sitting in its chairs. He stumbles onto the corpse of a little boy, its tiny fists clenched in rage.

Hesse's habitual dualism is trivial academic rubbish: rubbish derived from a truth, perhaps, but still rubbish. Wittgenstein, it is said, aestheticized philosophy; Proust philosophized aesthetics. Both were homosexual, and so what? Nothing, except the obvious platitude – which is *this* book's obvious destination – that Narcissus and Goldmund and all they stand for are all mixed up together, bound together in their opposition.

But despite his faults, Hesse is a graceful and generally unpretentious artist. What can be said about his current bondage in the hands of the hippie philistines? A large part of Hesse's huge new audience reads nothing *but* Hesse, preferring non-literary means for most of its Journeys to the East. It is an immense, energetic and ignorant audience with a wild capacity to co-opt the creative energy of high art (look, for example, at the way rock has swallowed in one avid gulp the whole ethos of "serious music") and its charm and energy seem so vast that it repeatedly seems on the verge of subduing unto itself the whole world of making and emotion.

This capacity for cultural co-option scares the hell out of a lot of people, myself sometimes included. American culture is at the point of turning into a vast Children's Crusade, and Hesse is actually one of the best of its leaders. He should thus be discussed not only as an artist, but as a teacher. I shudder at what he would think if he knew how many in his audience think *Steppenwolf* expresses the view that Mozart "and all that stuff" should drop dead. And yet, to turn to Orientalism and mysticism which Hesse feeds, though it is clearly dilettantish, naïve, and often damnably vulgar, I don't despair that some of the new *chinoiserie* may play some part in lift-

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ing the culture to a new stage of growth.

In *Steppenwolf*, Harry Haller – that poor, up-tight nineteen-year-old in drag as a middle-aged man – steps into Pablo's magic theatre and discovers his own irresponsible youth. I sometimes think that at the moment, not Harry but American culture is reeling through the Magic Theatre, rediscovering its own narcissistic youth in the midst of unearned Dionysian opulence. The new, arrogant *embarras de richesses* of what is happening now is, undeniably, a liberation. It may even be a healthful one. Who can deny that the culture is almost screaming for re-creation, or deny that the job will have to be done by people from that vast generation with everything on its side except that "intellect" which Hesse misrepresents in *Narcissus and Goldmund*. For the hippies are absolutely right: we *are* at a critical moment in the history of culture; we *have* been brought to a point of no return. But they don't see the intellectual challenge implicit in that fact, nor that the prime question is whether anyone can rise to it. I don't see any evidence that anyone can. Certainly, Hesse can't, and he is the most intelligent of the new doyens. But this ultimate sensitive schoolboy – this Compleat Guru – is never going to make it. The problem is bigger than he is: it is Nietzschean in its demands, and until minds that can cope with *that* begin to emerge – and in numbers – our famous Liberation is likely to remain stuck in the noisy futile vitality whose source is neither chaos nor lust, but childishness.

Societies and Change

by Robert L. Heilbroner

I expect that most readers, like myself, would imagine a book of this title to be mainly concerned with the throes of contemporary change in the Third World and with the efforts of America to prevent communism from spreading. Like me, they are in for a surprise. Lipset's "revolution and counterrevolution" refer to the contrasting experiences of the United States and Canada in the late 18th and early 19th centuries – a very interesting case of social dichotomy, but somehow not one that quite measures up to the promise of the title. Moreover, a reader will quickly discover that most of the other essays have only the slenderest connection, if any, with the problem of revolution or anti-revolution. Some of the essays are expositions of sociological problems, such as the interrelation of history and sociology or the various interpretations of class structure. Some are essays in political sociology, dealing with the relation of religion and political affiliation in America, or with the phenomenon of "backlash" or with the changing shape of European politics. And some are simply set pieces, originally written as introductions to books and reproduced here to give them added life: an appreciation of Harriet Martineau, the pioneer 19th-century Victorian "observer," an essay on Moisei Ostrogorski, the father of the sociology of political parties, and a discussion of Robert Michels, the author of the "iron law of oligarchy."

Revolution and Counterrevolution: Change and Persistence in Social Structures
by Seymour Martin Lipset
(Basic Books; $10)

In a word, it is only fair to say that this is not the book it appears to be. Nevertheless there is more here than a collection of essays in search of a title. For a central problem emerges from these dozen chapters, despite (or perhaps because of) the fact that each faces in a different direction. It is the problem indicated by the sober subtitle – the problem of change and persistence in society. Again and again, in different contexts and settings Lipset returns to a question that in many ways precedes that of violent change, the question of the source of "ordinary" political behavior and of the forces that strengthen or loosen the critical bonds of social valence.

It would be too much to claim that

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Lipset attempts to provide definitive answers to this problem, or even that he articulates the problem itself in a clear-cut fashion. As readers of *Political Man* and of *The First New Nation* know, Lipset's manner of argument is not to build his case by a cumulative presentation of evidence, but through a barrage of statistics and research, no part of which is particularly stressed over any other. The method has its strengths and its weaknesses. As with all of Lipset's work, this one bristles with interesting findings, insightful comparisons and unexpected similarities. At the same time, the fact that the case is constructed from a multiplicity of detail gives it a fragmented and impressionistic cast and blurs or obscures the core of principal contentions.

The strengths are easier to demonstrate than the weaknesses. Throughout the book the reader will encounter intriguing bits and pieces. For example, religion in America affects political choice in two ways – as a source of political belief and as a determinant of social status. This can lead to interesting contradictions. The upper classes tend to belong to upper-status churches (such as the main Protestant affiliations) whose political point of view tends to be liberal. The lower classes go to lower-status (fundamentalist) churches, whose social outlook is largely reactionary. As a result we should expect to find that frequent church attendance would have the effect of wooing an upper-class person away from his normal Republican voting behavior toward a Democratic one, the reverse being true for a lower-class voter. And that is exactly what statistical investigation has shown to be so.

A *decline* in unemployment – at least in Europe – may not result in a decrease in the votes of the Left. Indeed, it is likely to increase them. This is because the unemployed typically vote less than the employed, and also because employed persons who have suffered unemployment in the past are more apt to display leftist voting habits than those with an unbroken employment record. Hence as the unemployed are reemployed, the vote for the Left rises.

The "same" challenge can result in very different responses according to the historic and social setting of a problem. The frontier in the United States produced the highly individualistic frontiersman with his disregard and distaste for government. In Canada, the frontier was regarded more defensively, and became a stimulus for the extension of central authority. It is not an accident that one culture produced as its frontier hero the essentially lawless cowboy while the other produced the law-enforcing "mountie."

There are many more such findings. But what of the central question of change and persistence? As I have said, it is a weakness of Lipset's dense and particularistic style that large-scale generalizations lurk in the background rather than emerging clearly. At the risk of putting words into the author's mouth, let me nonetheless attempt to sum up a few points that seem implicit in these essays.

The essential building blocks of political stability are social rather than economic.

This does not deny the enormous moving force of economic change. Rather it implies that economic changes operate through social motivations. Thus poverty in itself does not lead to social restlessness any more than affluence alone leads to social harmony. The existence, or the narrowing, of economic gaps does not necessarily offset motivations born of status, tradition, ethnicity, etc. Hence the search for the causes of social stability or change must always include matters of status and value as well as questions of economics: "The prolonged intensity of class conflict in many continental nations," Lipset writes, "was owing to the overlap of economic class conflict with 'moral' issues of religion, aristocracy, and status. Because moral issues involve basic concepts of right and wrong, they are more likely than economic matters to result in civil war or at least class cleavage."

The basic movement of Western society is toward industrial-bureaucratic societies in which traditional class conflicts are lessened.

Social unrest, as Lipset sees it, is primarily a product of social change. Hence we must expect to find it in its most exacerbated form when change is most acute as in the case of the

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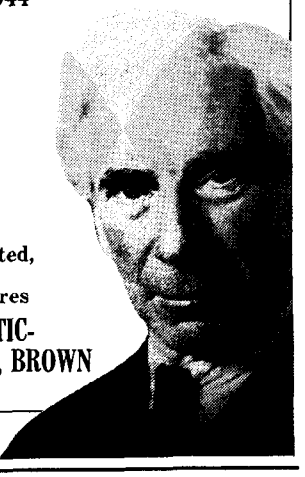

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Third World or in the West, in those nations and eras when the industrial transformation was most rapid. Conversely, the gradual surmounting of the dislocations of industrialization opens the way for the emergence of a pragmatic rather than polarized politics. This is not to maintain that conflict ceases in such an environment. As Lipset notes, "All democratic countries, from the lands of the Mediterranean basin to Sweden, Australia, or the United States, remain highly stratified societies in which access to education, economic opportunity, culture, and consumption goods is grossly unequal." Hence conflict necessarily continues, even in the most advanced nations. But the conflict becomes institutionalized and muted, as the values of industrial society triumph over those of the pre-industrial.

A new ideological consensus begins to unite the formerly opposed classes, but fails to include all elements or to bridge the gap between the industrialized and nonindustrialized world.

As bureaucratization softens the views of the upper class vis-à-vis the lower, and the slow rise in living standards lessens the gap between the lower and the upper, a consensus begins to emerge around a view that Lipset calls "conservative socialism." This clearly heightens the chances of social peace insofar as this is threatened by economic conflict. Yet the new ideology fails to include both the extreme Right and the far Left, including the student body, and it fails as well to seem relevant to the leaders of the underdeveloped world. Thus, as so often before, this generation finds that it has achieved extraordinary social progress by comparison with the last – and yet discovers to its discomfiture that social harmony is no nearer. Like preceding generations, it fails to perceive that the very act of raising standards also changes them. The old frictions are lessened, but new ones arise. The acceptance of industrialism brings a new ideological center, but not an end to ideological or economic conflict.

Mr. Lipset must forgive me if I do an injustice to his main ideas by summarizing them in this way. Perhaps he will save me the trouble next time by making his large arguments as explicit as his smaller ones.

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Is it Moral to Break the Law?

by Simon Lazarus

Supreme Court Justice (now Chief Justice-designate) Fortas has written a pamphlet whose purpose is to rescue the rhetoric of obedience to law from the reactionaries who have debased it, and, thereby, to restore respect for constitutional processes among the rebellious forces in the ghetto and on the campus. He is generous toward the radicals, conceding not only the purity of their motives, but, in many instances, the validity of their goals. He notes the instrumental role which protest has played in wresting civil rights laws from a sullen Congress and Vietnam negotiations from a determined Executive. One sure benefit of his little work will be a smoothing of feathers among members of his own generation, who are too fed up with the noisy new radicalism to try to understand it.

Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience
by Abe Fortas
(New American Library; $4.00 Paperbound; 50c)

But Mr. Justice Fortas is not likely to reach the rebels themselves. He has little use for their methods. His critique of civil disobedience comes down to much the same thing as Solicitor General Griswold's refusal to distinguish obstructing troop trains or blocking segregated job sites "from the determination to fire shots into a civil rights leader's home to protest integration." Fortas' central proposition is equally uncompromising:

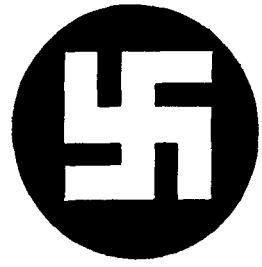
> "... law violation directed not to the laws or practices that are the subject of dissent, but to unrelated laws which are disobeyed merely to dramatize dissent, may be *morally* as well as politically unacceptable." (emphasis added)

Under this rule, it would seem intolerable even to disobey one law in order to promote the enforcement of another law – for example, a trespass incurred to dramatize systematic evasion and non-enforcement of a fair employment statute. Indeed, Justice Fortas seems uneasy about any form of civil disobedience, except where the defier believes the law in question is immoral *and unconstitutional* – a situation which is not civil disobedience at all but merely a test case aimed at changing the law through judicial review.

Fortas' attack takes this extreme turn because of a basic uncertainty which pervades his argument. He sees no significant difference between illegality and immorality; illegal conduct is all but automatically immoral, and his analysis provides little room and no clear reason for ifs, ands, or buts. The basis of his position is what might be termed the bargain theory of the First Amendment. In this theory, The Citizen has covenanted to obey the laws of the State; the State has in turn covenanted to provide untrammeled freedom to persuade others to change any law of which the Citizen disapproves. There is therefore little excuse for disobeying *any* law. For the laws were put on the statute books by a process of persuasion, and the same process is available to anyone who would like to repeal them.

It must be said that Justice Fortas has endeavored to make the State keep its part of this bargain. As a member of the Supreme Court, he has consistently sought to mold the First Amendment as a practical instrument of political protest.

But even if every judge and policeman in the land matched Abe Fortas' enthusiasm for free speech, that alone would not entitle them to *moral* disapproval of the conscientious young men whom they send to jail for burning draft cards or for sitting in at municipal office buildings. In the first place, the dissident in contemporary America needs a broader array of communication devices than fit within Justice Fortas' – or anyone else's – Constitution. To move this nation, one must first move the mass media. Unfortunately, the media are quickly bored. They are unlikely to report that a construction foreman refuses to employ Negroes; they are more likely to



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report that demonstrators lie down in front of bulldozers until forcibly removed by the police. Opposition to the war would never have moved into primary fights and network television editorials, without the prod of strident protest from the campus.

Moreover, it is not entirely fair to blame student activists for taking the issue of the Vietnam war outside the traditional bounds of democratic practice. A large share of the responsibility for that resistance lies at the White House door. As Bill Moyers recently told the Foreign Policy Association, "War is . . . one of those questions on which a democratic government dare not act without evidence of genuine support. In this case, that support was . . . simply not sought." In the case of Vietnam, an executive too clever by half in manipulating the machinery of democracy abused its spirit. By running as a peace candidate in 1964, by refusing to risk direct confrontation with Congress on the wisdom of his Vietnam policy, the President blocked the conventional paths to effective protest. The war's most determined critics found in civil disobedience a response which seemed not only necessary and effective, but appropriate and legitimate as well.

There is a third objection to Fortas' notion that the right of free speech vitiates the moral acceptability of any civil disobedience. The First Amendment is not the most elemental clause in the American social contract. In the last analysis, the legal principle of free expression is less important than the political tradition of tolerance for minority values; this rule of national survival was first formulated by John C. Calhoun as the doctrine of concurrent majorities. This tradition has been broken twice in this decade – by trying to force integration on the South and by trying to force a war on a generation of youth who found it unjustified and immoral. In both cases, disobedience to law ensued. This does not by itself justify the defiance of the South or of the students. (Nor does it justify the facile equating of burning a draft card with murder.) But the fact that war resistance is not unprecedented should remind democratic leaders that they have no license to run roughshod over the moral sensibilities of any portion of their constituency. As a matter of prudence as well as principle, they cannot scorn the values of a minority, at least until they have enlisted the considered support of the majority.

Indeed, the moral implications of war are so sensitive that our law exempts pacifists from the obligation to serve, even when the majority has made up its mind to fight. Equal protection is denied to conscientious objectors to *particular* wars, only because they are safely few in number, because no one has proposed an administratively feasible way to broaden the terms of the exemption, and because cost and political inconvenience have ruled out a volunteer army. It is for these reasons, and not out of deference to any tenable principle, that the selective objector's moral concerns are at the mercy of presidential discretion; like other instances of discretion in our legal and political system, that is a power which can be abused.

Certainly one need not search far for portents of the dark possibilities to which current experiments with disruption may lead. But the main burden of blame and the main responsibility for finding a remedy is not on the young radicals. It lies with the liberals in power who ignored their opposition, underestimated the demand for social change among the discontented, and forgot how fragile are the bonds of confidence and tolerance which make ordered liberty secure.

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THEATRE

A Theatre Slouches to Be Born

The most significant theatre event of the past year was not a production but a reproduction – the transfer of *Hair*, newly restaged by La Mama's own Tom O'Horgan, to a Broadway house. I am not one to believe in omens and auguries but I do know when a vacuum is being filled. Next season, the commercial theatre may confidently expect a siege of hippie-rock musicals

Futz
by Rochelle Owens
(featuring the La Mama troupe;
Theatre de Lys)

and avant-garde theatricals, complete with pansexual love-ins, nude tableaus, mixed media, Oriental dances, Yoga exercises, raga music, cunnilingus and fellatio – in brief, the whole mixed bag of the off-off Broadway movement.

At this very moment, in fact, Broadway producers are probably combing the lofts, warehouses, and coffeehouses in search of a new sensation for the coming season: Like every theatre movement of the past fifty years, off-off Broadway has now become marketable. The man most responsible for the formularization of the movement is Mr. O'Horgan himself whose stamp is so singular and consistent that his productions are virtually indistinguishable. Mr. O'Horgan's highly inventive but essentially mannerist attack sets the pattern for all OOB conventions. Plot, language, and character recede as the playwright becomes a minor collaborator in a fundamentally visual enterprise; style replaces theme as the animating motive of the stage; political and social commentary, psychology, morality, metaphysical exploration are all absorbed into the central issue of erotic exhibitionism. Each production attempts to nudge further back the collapsing boundaries of what is allowable on the stage; each play is the occasion for a narcissistic contract between the director and his actors. Theatrical effects are substituted for dramatic line; gesture swamps words; the stage is a frenzy of chaotic excitation.

One wit has called O'Horgan the Busby Berkeley of off-off-Broadway, and there is some justice in the epithet: He is basically a choreographer of novel, picturesque gyrations. One sees a confluence of styles in his technique – Artaud, Grotowski, Noh, and particularly the Peter Brook of *Marat/Sade* – but O'Horgan borrows only the sensational aspects of these influences, ignoring the purpose for which they were designed. Brook, for example, invents in order to underline the text, O'Horgan to undermine it. If other OOB directors like Jacques Levy and Lawrence Kornfeld, for all their flamboyance, are still subordinating themselves to the playwright, O'Horgan is clearly out to do his own thing and is therefore always intruding his personality into the work at hand. As a result, La Mama has changed, under his influence, from a writer's to a director's theatre.

What has remained constant is the awfulness of the acting. Performers seem to be accepted into the troupe less for the presence of talent than for the absence of inhibitions. Formal craft elements like voice, grace, intelligence, and interpretive ability are of less moment than dynamic elements like a capacity for self-exposure. Still, O'Horgan manages to invest the acting with spontaneity and confidence which makes the unselfconscious display of pubic hairs seem more relevant to his purposes than a brilliantly spoken speech or a finely conceived character. In O'Horgan's theatre, performance simply doesn't matter any more: Each actor is part of a machine for creating gesture, doubling roles without attempting any distinction between them, and achieving individuality only when he pulls out of character (as he frequently does) to address the audience in his own voice. All of this has a certain ephemeral charm, but it is essentially mindless and meaningless. What has traditionally provided form and intelligence in the theatre – namely, the

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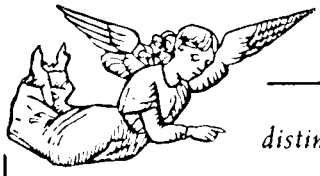

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script – has become largely a springboard scenario for an entirely new work by O'Horgan, a work which loses its impact the moment you leave your seat.

Under these circumstances, a playwright should reflect carefully before placing himself into Mr. O'Horgan's overly capable hands. I don't think too much was lost in O'Horgan's production of Paul Foster's *Tom Paine*, since the work is pretty undernourished to begin with (Foster's innovation was to create a historical character about whom he knew less than many members of the audience). But Rochelle Owens' *Futz* does possess a fumbling, twisted, barrelmouthed poetry that is virtually annihilated in the current production. What Miss Owens has written is a pornographic version of *Under Milkwood*, complete with an omniscient narrator, an episodic structure, and a radio-style loquacity, about a rural Christian community sick with repressed sexual longings. These ungratified desires compel certain members of the community to destroy its one innocent – Cyrus Futz – who has conceived a passion for his sow, a passion verified for Futz in pagan and biblical mythology. The argument of the play ("It's pure sickness, but in its pureness it's a truth") is closer to pure nonsense; the author apparently adheres to the bizarre notion that Cyrus' sexuality is more primal, therefore more natural and generous, than that of the murder-minded generations who prefer human love-objects; and, as a result, one character even strangles a girl in envious rage when he hears Futz and his porky concubine disporting themselves in the barn. But Miss Owens has an intense imagination, and her language combines imaginary dialect with feverish, surrealist imagery in a manner that marks her as a dramatic poet of genuine, if circumscribed, power.

Little of these virtues come through in the La Mama production, since the first thing to go is the dialogue. What with all the frenetic gesticulation, background music, dance, and filmwork that Mr. O'Horgan has introduced, I don't think I heard ten consecutive words during the entire evening. Actors read speeches standing on their heads; they clamber onto the backs of their partners who face each other on all fours; they hum and buzz and drone, or do Balinese dances during the narrator's speeches; they pair off into heterosexual and homosexual groups, miming mouth-genital play. The calisthenics Mr. O'Horgan has devised for his actors, combined with their own exaggerated rural characterizations, turn Miss Owens' fantasy countryside into a Camp version of Dogpatch, where every line is a cue for some new erotic display.

I suppose one could find some value in the openness of this experiment were it not so essentially superfluous, irrelevant, and attention-demanding. If the text makes reference to cheeks, O'Horgan translates this visually into buttocks. If the text suggests incestuous feelings between a mother and her son, O'Horgan has the boy kissing his mother passionately, sucking her breast, and shoving his head up between her legs. Before this kind of busy work, the play begins to disintegrate as a dramatic occasion, and becomes instead an occasion for the exhibitionism of actors, with the audience cast as Peeping Toms.

Two years ago, I spoke, in an article, of a third theatre which would combine (the words are Synge's) reality and joy: Let me say at once that this sort of thing is not what I meant at all. Mr. O'Horgan's theatre strikes me as singularly joyless and mechanical – a theatre which gives us eroticism without love, frenzy without energy, egoism without identity, technique without craft, expertise without content, spectacle without beauty, gesture without intelligence. At this demoralizing moment in our history, it may be exactly the theatre we deserve.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Humphrey, No

Sirs:

Even after the tragic death of Robert Kennedy – indeed especially after this tragedy – Irving Kristol's apologia for Hubert Humphrey on Vietnam (June 8) should not remain unchallenged. Either the Vice President had private doubts, in which case his public exuberance and overblown rhetoric are "both stupid and contemptible" (to use the

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words Mr. Kristol applies to criticisms of Mr. Humphrey, or else the Vice President "persistently" believed our involvement in Vietnam to be both "necessary and just," in which case he should not be President.

It may well be that American disillusionment is mainly due to our failure to win. But it is the first duty of any would-be leader to explain to the American public that "winning" against such an insurgent movement cannot mean a conventional military victory achieved through sheer weight of brute power. And his second duty would be to explain that in Vietnam, our "original commitment to intervene" was our decisive mistake. For, given the irremediable rottenness of Saigon's regimes, there was never a real chance of our "winning." A small involvement would have been ineffective, a massive one has been counterproductive. No man who fails to understand this deserves to be our next President.

Stanley Hoffmann
Cambridge, Mass.

Rebellion at Columbia

Sirs:

Dotson Rader reports (June 8) that the SDS leaders at Columbia selected the term "commune" to designate their group "because of its historical antecedent: the Paris Commune of 1848." Either the SDS leaders or your reporter should take time off from the barricades to spend at their studies before invoking any more precedents. To confuse the republicans of 1848 with the communards of 1871 is surely the wrong way to go about bridging generation gaps.

Elizabeth L. Eisenstein
Washington, D.C.

Coming
David Sanford
on
Chemical Mysticism
and
Gertrude Himmelfarb
on
The Edwardian Turn of Mind

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

film is not a commercial job that Truffaut did to keep alive on the screen, it is his "homage to Hitchcock." Hitchcock-and-bull. Whatever is good in it – very little – is much more Truffaut than Hitchcock.

Raoul Coutard did the (color) photography, so one knows in advance that the film will look lovely, although even Coutard cannot keep the rapidly aging Jeanne Moreau from looking as if she had just boxed ten rounds and lost. Charles Denner is in it (as an amorous painter), so we know that at least one role will be well played. And, admittedly, since Truffaut directed it, we know the film's movement will not be pedestrian. The best scenes – like the ones in the painter's studio – are reminiscent of his much better crime film *Shoot the Piano Player*. The story, from an American thriller, is about a woman who hunts down and kills the men who, quite without premeditation, caused the death of her bridegroom. Insofar as we feel anything about this picture, our sympathy goes to some of the woman's victims.

Norman Jewison's *The Thomas Crown Affair* provides one point of interest – as contrast with Richard Lester's *Petulia*. Jewison is probably every bit as cinematically agile as Lester, but he is artistically vacuous and intellectually fake, which Lester is not. Jewison uses all his ingenuity for just precisely nothing.

This is one more big-heist film, with the feeble switch that this multimillion-dollar robbery is engineered by a rich young man who doesn't need the money – he just wants the thrills. Jewison has freighted it with trick shooting, breathless editing, and garish optical effects. Haskell Wexler again wastes his first-class color photography here as he did on Jewison's *In the Heat of the Night*. Pablo Ferro supplies some modish multiple-image effects, including some with disparate shots enclosed within Mondrian-type lines. (The same effect can be seen in *Wild in the Streets*, a piece of trash that has been monstrously overrated simply because it deals – in a stupid and stupidly melodramatic way – with the generation gap.)

Jewison's rich thief is played by Steve McQueen; Mr. McQueen's clothes are by Ron Postal. The girl is Faye Dunaway, making her first appearance since *Bonnie and Clyde;* her many stunning outfits were designed by Thea Van Runkle who also did her *B. and C.* outfits. Miss Dunaway plays an insurance detective, a sexy but relentless female private eye. Sort of a Sam Spayed.

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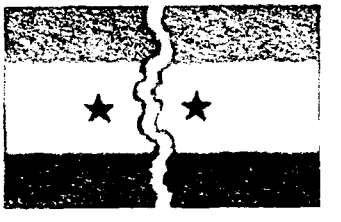

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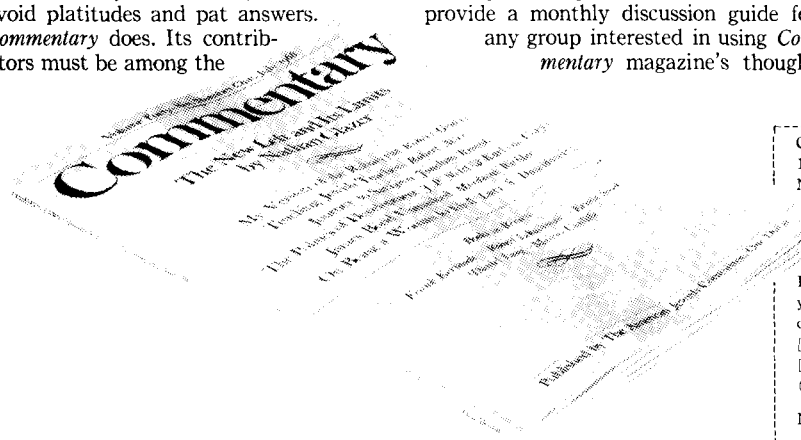

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